



Special Ringside Coverage:

DUSTY RHODES REGAINS NWA TITLE!

October 1981

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Wrestler^{THE}

Startling **HOW** *Evidence!*

**BACKLUND AND PATTERSON
CONSPIRED AGAINST
KING KONG MOSCA**

Dusty Swears Revenge:
**"KILLER KHAN
MUST BE
DESTROYED!"**

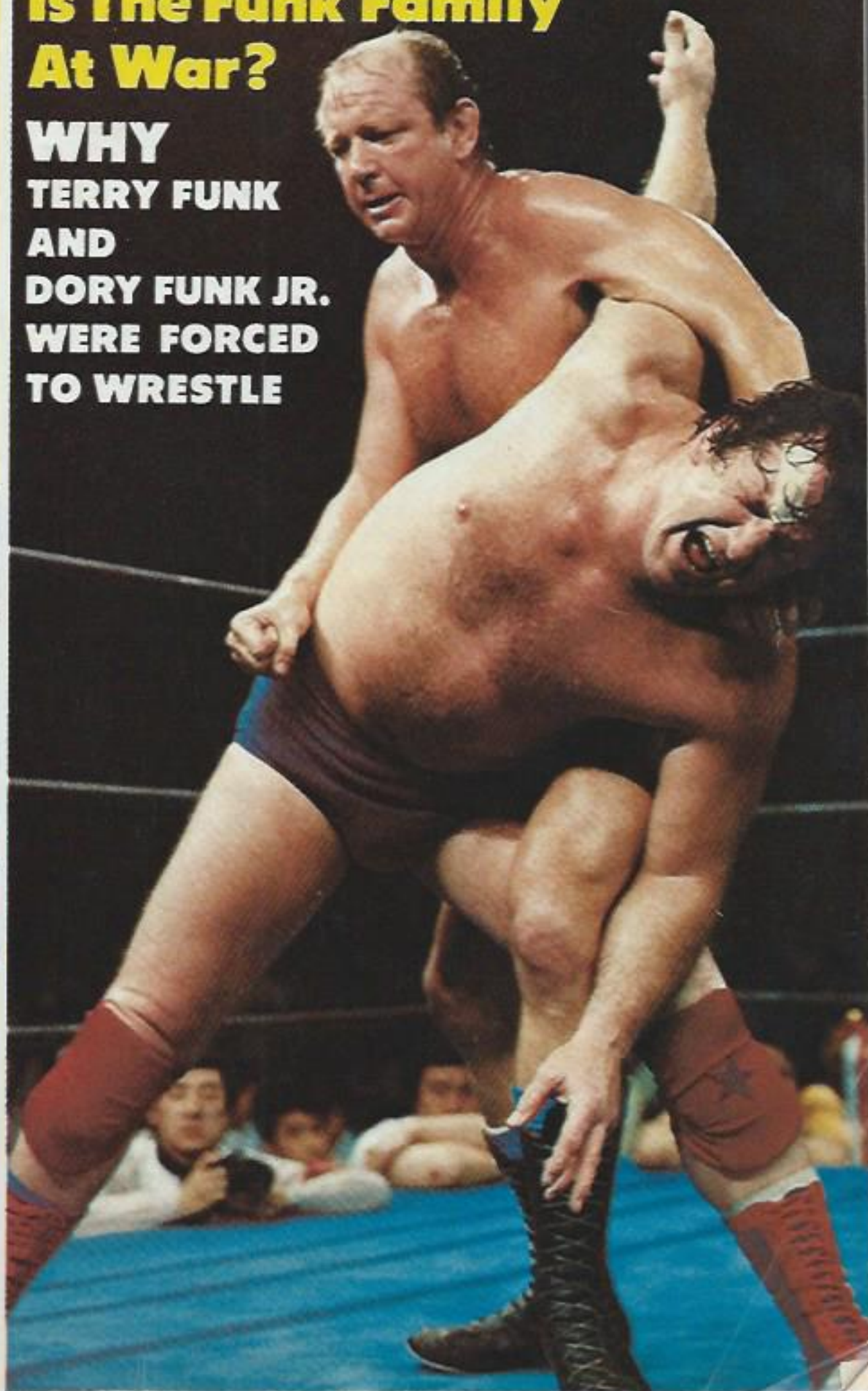


**HARLEY RACE:
CALL HIM
A COWARD - AND
PAY THE PRICE**



**Is The Funk Family
At War?**

**WHY
TERRY FUNK
AND
DORY FUNK JR.
WERE FORCED
TO WRESTLE**



OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Champion: BOB BACKLUND

- 1—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 2—KING KONG MOSCA
- 3—GEORGE STEELE
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—KILLER KHAN
- 6—GREG VALENTINE
- 7—PEDRO MORALES
- 8—PAT PATTERSON
- 9—RICK MARTEL
- 10—TONY GAREA

AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

Champion: NICK BOCKWINKEL

- 1—BARON VON RASCHKE
- 2—DINO BRAVO
- 3—TITO SANTANA
- 4—GREG GAGNE
- 5—CRUSHER
- 6—JOHN STUDD
- 7—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 8—JIM BRUNZELL
- 9—SHEIK ADNAN AL-KAISSIE
- 10—CHAVO GUERRERO

MOST POPULAR

- 1—DUSTY RHODES
- 2—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 3—BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 4—MIL MASCARAS
- 5—BOB BACKLUND
- 6—TOMMY RICH
- 7—TED DiBIASE
- 8—RIC FLAIR
- 9—IVAN PUTSKI
- 10—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN JR.



BOB BACKLUND



DUSTY RHODES



NICK BOCKWINKEL



RODDY PIPER

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Champion: DUSTY RHODES

- 1—HARLEY RACE
- 2—RODDY PIPER
- 3—KEN PATERA
- 4—DORY FUNK JR.
- 5—IVAN KOLOFF
- 6—TED DiBIASE
- 7—TOMMY RICH
- 8—RIC FLAIR
- 9—MR. WRESTLING II
- 10—LES THORNTON

TAG TEAMS

- 1—OLE & GENE ANDERSON
- 2—THE MOONDOGS
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—TED DiBIASE & STEVE O
- 5—THE ASSASSINS
- 6—DICK MURDOCH & JUNKYARD DOG
- 7—NIKOLAI VOLKOFF & CHRIS MARKOFF
- 8—THE SAMOANS
- 9—GINO HERNANDEZ & TULLY BLANCHARD
- 10—EDDIE GILBERT & RICK MORTON

MOST HATED

- 1—MAGNIFICENT MURACO
- 2—CRUSHER BLACKWELL
- 3—SUPER DESTROYER
- 4—SGT. SLAUGHTER
- 5—HARLEY RACE
- 6—KING KONG MOSCA
- 7—IVAN KOLOFF
- 8—KEN PATERA
- 9—KEVIN SULLIVAN
- 10—ERNE LADD

WHAT'S HAPPENING!

By BILL APTER

DUSTY RHODES HAS regained the NWA heavy-weight championship!

On the night of June 21, Dusty toppled champion Harley Race with a sensational flying bodypress off the top turnbuckle, and the capacity crowd at Atlanta's Omni Auditorium went berserk as "The Dream" became a two-time champion.

"This time I'll hold the belt longer than one week!" Dusty vowed at a press conference just minutes after the big upset. "Harley Race was really tough, but tonight I was better than he was. I'll gladly give him a rematch and prove to the world I can whup his butt again and again!"

By the way, Dusty has assumed all Race's title commitments and will be defending the belt against both rulebreakers and scientific grapplers.

Another big title change occurred in the WWF. Magnificent Muraco has captured the Intercontinental championship from Pedro Morales. And for Pedro, it was an agonizing defeat. In the midst of their furious battle, he and Muraco collided with the

(Continued on page 50)



Dusty Rhodes poses for the press just minutes after he defeated NWA champion Harley Race in Atlanta, Georgia. "The dream is gonna be a great champion," Dusty said. "I'm number one again and it feels so good."

CORRESPONDENTS Reports



The NWA is ready to step in and bring an end to the bloody war between Jerry Lawler and Terry Funk.

ORLANDO, FL—Correspondent: Barry Jester—NWA officials ruled that there must be a stop to the heated and bloody feud between Jerry "The King" Lawler and Terry Funk. Funk purposely threw Lawler into the referee, then pulled a pair of brass knuckles out of his trunks. Lawler ducked, floored Funk, and the knucks went flying. Lawler retrieved them from a fan, turning on Funk with his own weapon. Terry's brother, Dory, ran to his defense, and as both Funks turned on Lawler, Charlie Cook came to Lawler's rescue. When the dust finally settled, the referee disqualified Lawler for "running" into him.

In other matches: Sweet Brown Sugar and Charlie Cook stopped The Assassins #1 and 3 in a mask vs. mask match . . . Dory Funk Jr.

If you would like your area of the country represented in these reports, while also being officially credited with your own by-line, send us reports of the matches you attend. You will have the thrill of seeing your name in an internationally known magazine while at the same time helping to improve the quality of wrestling in your area. So why not give it a try? You will be glad you did!

Send your reports to: Correspondent Editor, Box 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571.

retained his Florida heavyweight belt by holding back a challenge from Jack Brisco . . . Puerto Rican superstar Carlos Colon halted Professor Sonoda.

BALTIMORE, MD—Correspondent: Timothy Walker—The main event pit George "The Animal" Steele against WWF champ Bob Backlund. Steele seized an advantage by ripping apart the turnbuckle and throwing the stuffing into Backlund's eye. Backlund recovered, escaped, and stunned the challenger, forging ahead to victory.

In other matches: Pedro Morales turned back Killer Khan . . . Yatsu and Larry Sharpe battled to a draw . . . Johnny Rodz upended Frank Savage.

MEMPHIS, TN—Correspondent: Mike Donnell—It was another great night at the Mid-South Coliseum with a crowd of about 8,000 on hand for the main

event of the evening: fan favorites Jerry Lawler, Bill Dundee, Dutch Mantell, and The Dream Machine pitted against Kevin Sullivan, Wayne Farris, and The Nightmares. It was a grueling bout which ended in turmoil with the combination of Sullivan, Farris and The Nightmares emerging victorious.

In other bouts: Sonny King and Togo Yamamoto wrestled to a draw . . . Steve Keirn bested Jim Dalton . . . And Chick "Golden Boy" Donovan downed Roy Rogers.



Dusty Rhodes spilled some blood, but came away with an impressive victory over Super Destroyer.

GULFPORT, MS—Correspondent: Danita McGrath—The main event sent Dusty Rhodes up against Super Destroyer. The match started unusually: Super Destroyer's manager Frank Dusek was supposed to wrestle Jim Garvin. When Frank Dusek started to get into trouble, in came Super D. Then Dusty came in to help. Jim and Frank grappled each other out of the ring, until only Dusty and Super Destroyer were left. Rhodes gave Super D some devastating elbow chops in the head, finishing off the Destroyer.

In other matches: Don Diamond defended his state title against the Masked Grappler . . . Junkyard Dog and Dick Murdoch eluded The Samoans . . . Paul Orndorff bested Buddy Landell.

(Continued on page 52)

YOU ASKED US

Here's the monthly feature which YOU get to write! It's your chance to have a top wrestler answer YOUR question! Only the best questions will be answered—so put on your thinking caps and come up with some good ones! Address your questions—and who you would like to have answer them—to: YOU ASKED US, c/o THE WRESTLER, PO BOX 48, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. Questions will be answered only in this column and at our discretion!



Bruno Sammartino is very pleased with the progress of his son, Bruno Jr. Says the proud father, "He has a quick intelligence, and grasps matters very quickly. And he has an awful lot of guts." The young Sammartino applies a hammerlock on Jim Nelson (above).

Q: "What does Bruno Sammartino think of the progress of his son, Bruno Sammartino Jr., down in the Mid-Atlantic area?"—Earl Coombs, Lynchburg, VA

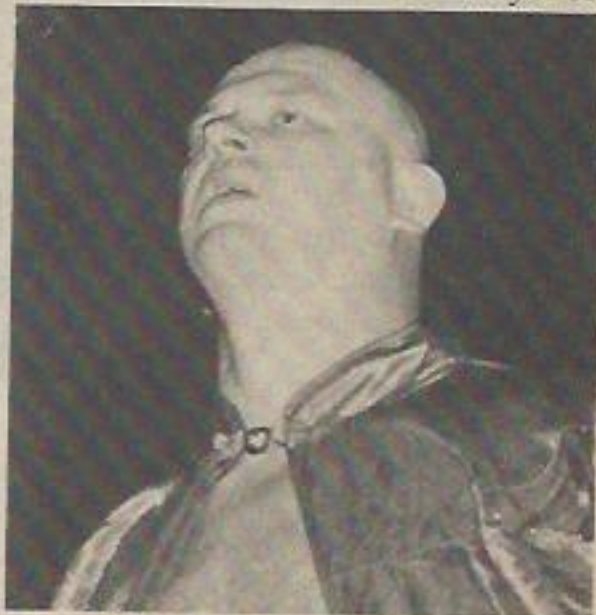
A: "Well, you know, Earl, I try

and separate my reaction as a father from my reaction as a wrestling observer," said Bruno. "First of all, as a father, I am doggone proud of my son. He is everything I always hoped he would be.

And as an objective observer, I am also very proud of him. Bruno Jr. learns quickly, he has a quick intelligence, and grasps matters very quickly. And he has an awful lot of guts. You have to have guts to make it in this sport and my son has that and a lot more. Yes, I would say his progress has been very, very good so far."

Q: "Does Baron Von Raschke really think he can stop that fat creep Crusher Blackwell?"—Paul Didalis, Minneapolis, MN

A: "I have absolute confidence in my ultimate mission," replied Von Raschke. "I have no doubt whatsoever that Crusher Blackwell's days on



Baron Von Raschke has become a fan favorite in the AWA territory where the Baron has vowed to avenge an attack by Crusher Blackwell on his long-time friend, Mad Dog Vachon.

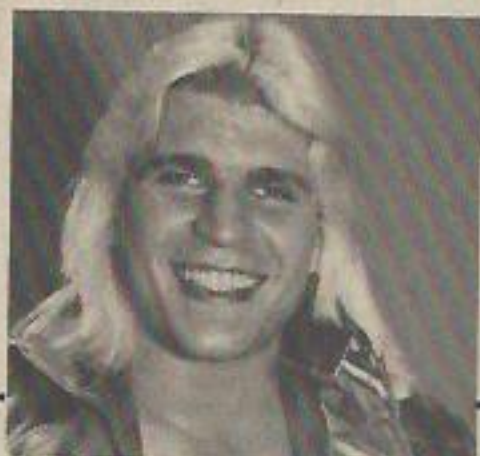
earth are drawing to a close because the Baron wants him finished, and when the Baron wants someone finished, the Baron finishes the man, even one as fat and ugly and stupid as Crusher Blackwell."

Q: "Now that Ken Patera's wrestling in Georgia, what does he think of that area?"—Alice

(Continued on page 56)

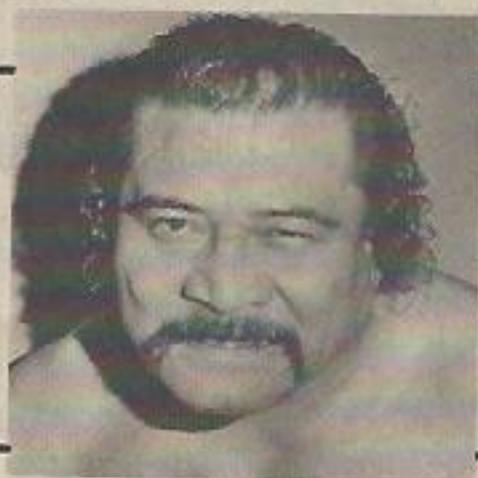
Every issue, this magazine praises the noteworthy and damns those who violate the spirit of wrestling's dignity. The praiseworthy are given a "thumbs up," the disgraceful are marked with "thumbs down." Here is this month's roll of honor and shame

Thumbs Up



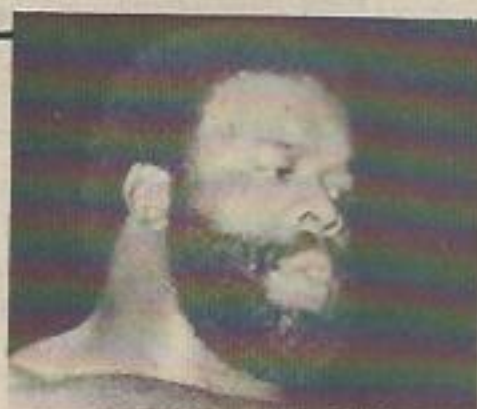
THUMBS UP to Tommy Rich: For not getting discouraged about losing the NWA title after a reign of only five days, Rich deserves praise. With determination like only Tommy Rich could muster, he turned around and, in a brilliant display of enthusiasm, captured the Georgia state championship.

THUMBS UP to Bobby Jagers: After his cousin R.T. Tyler sustained a broken jaw at the hands of El Gran Apollo in Florida, Jagers flew in all the way from Kansas City. All of Florida's wrestling community has been impressed by Jagers' thoughtful gesture.



THUMBS DOWN to Peter Maivia: There is no reason for his initiating a battle against Victor Rivera. In what may develop into a devastating display of juvenile mentality, Maivia has singled out Rivera, stating that "Victor Rivera must die for turning good!"

THUMBS DOWN to Magnificent Muraco: This ruthless madman has created chaos within the WWF. His constant threats to Bob Backlund along with his having unleashed the awesome destructive power of the Asiatic spike will, if continued, obliterate the WWF as we know it today.



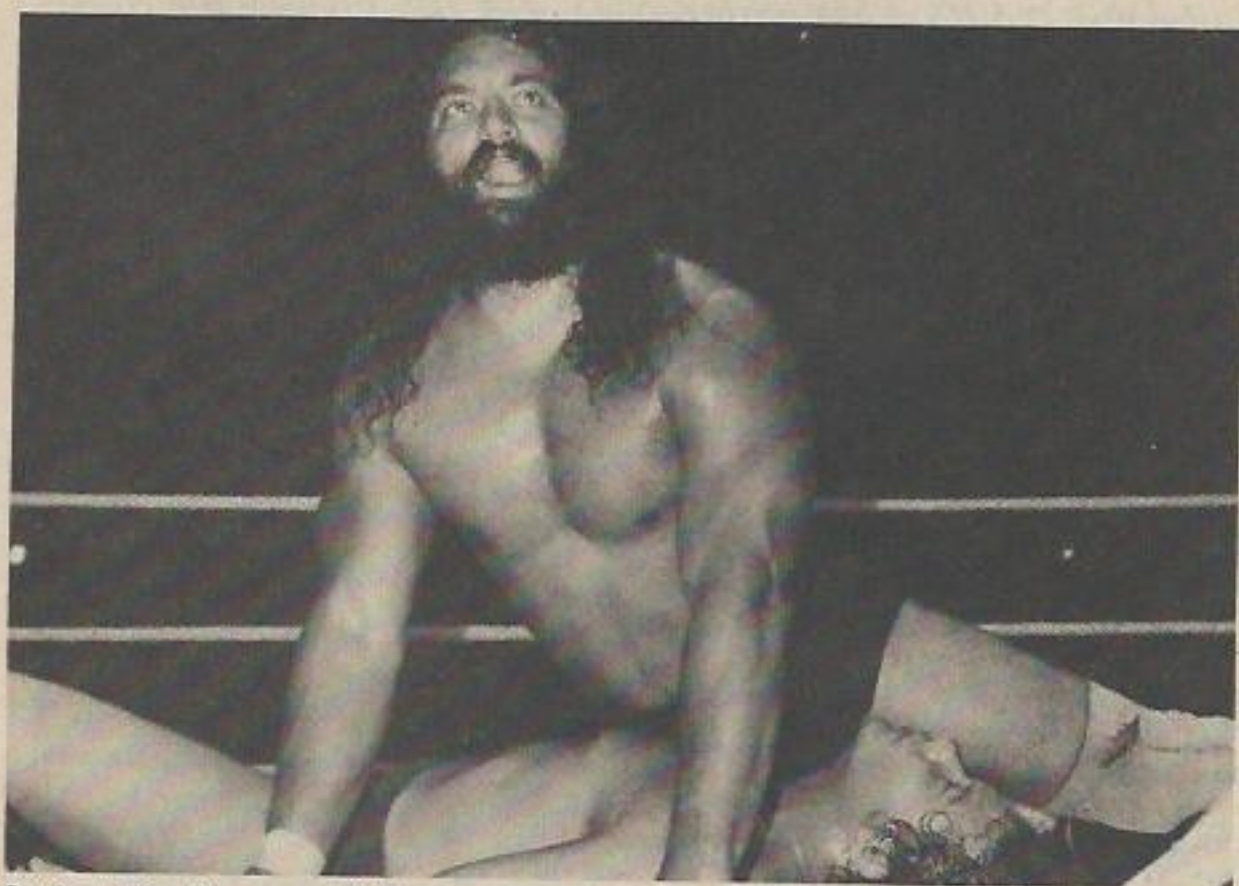
THUMBS UP to Junkyard Dog: His unceasing dedication to wrestling fans has been displayed constantly throughout his career. Dog places this dedication above all other considerations, even to the point of possibly crippling his own career.

(Continued on page 53)

Thumbs Down

Q & A

Each month, **THE WRESTLER** will present a "Question and Answer" forum with an important figure in the wrestling world. It is your chance to meet wrestling's biggest stars as they answer the questions uppermost on the fans' minds



Bruiser Brodie, one of the most maniacally unpredictable men in wrestling, is outspoken about all his enemies.

Q: Bruiser, a couple of issues back we ran an interview with . . .

A: Listen, slug, I don't care about a couple of issues back. I'm here now, and I'm here to tell your readers—my fans—that I'm going to storm through Georgia

faster than that yellow Tommy Rich runs from a decent wrestler . . . which he isn't.

Q: Well, that's what I wanted to ask you about.

A: So go ahead, my time is valuable.

Q: All right. Tommy Rich said, "No matter what, I'll be champion." He also said that . . .

A: You believe that stinking garbage? The only reason Rich is still alive is because I haven't had a good shot at him yet. When I do, he's gonna be sorry he ever crawled out from under that rock of his.

Q: Then you're definitely after his Georgia title?

A: After it? You call yourself a reporter? If you had anything besides oatmeal between your ears you'd know that the Georgia title is as good as mine. I don't have to go after anything. The only reason Rich holds the title is dumb luck. I know it's not talent.

Q: What about the fact that Rich won the NWA title from Harley Race?

A: You don't know anything about anything! Five days that slime-stain Rich held the title—five days! It was a complete fluke that he ever won it in the first place. The bumbling fool couldn't even keep it for a week! **HAH!**

Q: And if you won the title?

A: Look, I should have more titles than Georgia has



BRUISER BRODIE

VOWING TO OBLITERATE Tommy Rich from the face of Georgia wrestling, Bruiser Brodie maintains that he will soon be the king of the ring in that state. In this interview, Brodie explains why he will soon hold the Georgia state title, and reveals the startling details behind what may be an international conspiracy against his own wrestling career.

peaches. Trouble is every time I come close to winning a title, someone, somewhere, decides that there was some sort of penny-ante technicality about the match. It's happened to me all around the world: in Japan, in the States . . . it's always the same.

Q: It's almost like there's an international plot . . .

A: Exactly! Damn, son, that's the first smart thing I've heard you say all day. You'd better believe there's an international plot—a conspiracy against letting the great Bruiser Brodie hold any title of any kind.

Q: So how do you intend to deal with it?

A: Simple. I've already got one of the world's top international detective agencies working on the case. When I finally do find out who's behind it all, they'll be crippled for life.

Q: Any clues yet?

A: Nothing that I could reveal in print just now . . . but I hope it turns out to be that worm Ted DiBiase. He deserves to suffer such excruciating pain and agony, and I'd be only too happy to oblige.

Q: Do you really think he's behind the conspiracy?

A: I don't know for sure, but he's the kind of guy who would stoop to such sleazy tactics.

Q: Let's change the subject for a minute. We've had a lot of mail, and I've always wondered . . . just where did your nickname "Bruiser" come from?

A: Boy, you're back to total stupidity again! Use your common sense, you moron. Have you ever had the guts to actually go to one of these wrestling matches that you write about? Well, if you did, and if you want to see the best wrestler—me—then you'd know I'm called "Bruiser" because of the way my opponents look and feel after I'm done with them.

Q: You mean it's . . .

A: I'm not finished, don't interrupt. One of the greatest thrills for me in this sport is that I get a chance to work out in the ring. I get a chance to build up a good sweat, work my muscles, and massacre an opponent.

Q: But don't you . . .

A: SHADDAP! I'll let you know when I'm done speaking. Some people,

and obviously you're one of them, will never understand the joy of wrestling. For me that means the look of complete horror in an opponent's face when I'm about to deliver the crushing blow. It's the face twisted in pain as you apply the headlock harder and harder. It's proving to the fans, and to the world, that Bruiser Brodie is the best. It's that no one, not Tommy Rich, not Ted DiBiase, not any international conspiracy is going to keep me from proving it to the world. Now, puny parasite of the typewriter, do you have anything else to ask me?

Q: Well, uh, I guess I just want to know if you have any final comments to readers of *The Wrestler*?

A: Just this: if they've got weak stomachs or weak hearts, they'd better stay away from any of my matches. If they do come, they'll see a lot of action, a lot of blood . . . but it won't be my blood on the mat.

Q: Thank you, Bruiser Brodie, for doing Q & A with us.

A: WHAT!

Q: Thank you, Bruiser Brodie, SIR.

A: Right. □

— INTRODUCING — **CURT HENNIG**



Larry and Curt proudly display a jacket bearing the family name during a photo session in New York. Larry, who wrestles in the AWA territory, was in The Big Apple to see his son's Madison Square Garden debut.

CURT HENNIG IS young, strong, and is still developing his wrestling style. Yet he says that he doesn't mind people making comparisons between him and his famous father.

"I'm flattered, really," the 22-year-old son of Larry "The Axe" Hennig explained. "My old man was great. If they compare me to him already, I take it as a big compliment."

Standing 6'3" and weighing 237 pounds, young Curt shows early indications of matching his father's greatness. Though his career has only just begun, it was nevertheless a tough road traveled to get where he is today.

"I had hoped to play college football at one time," he said. "I hurt my knee in sophomore year, though, and couldn't keep going as hard as I would have liked. After some time letting the knee mend, I decided I still wanted to do something in sports. Wrestling seemed to me a natural step."

A natural step, perhaps, but not an easy one. For the young man from Elk River, Minnesota, that step would lead him to a grueling stint at Verne Gagne's training camp.

"Verne is the hardest taskmaster I've ever met," Hennig said. "I guess that's because he takes wrestling so seriously. It's the most important thing in his life and he expects the same dedication from everyone else. For Verne, it's all or

The strapping youngster is named Curt Hennig. And he has learned how to wrestle through hard work and heredity. For he is the son of rugged Larry "The Axe" Hennig. And those who know the ability of the father will soon learn to respect the talents of the son

PHAEEL

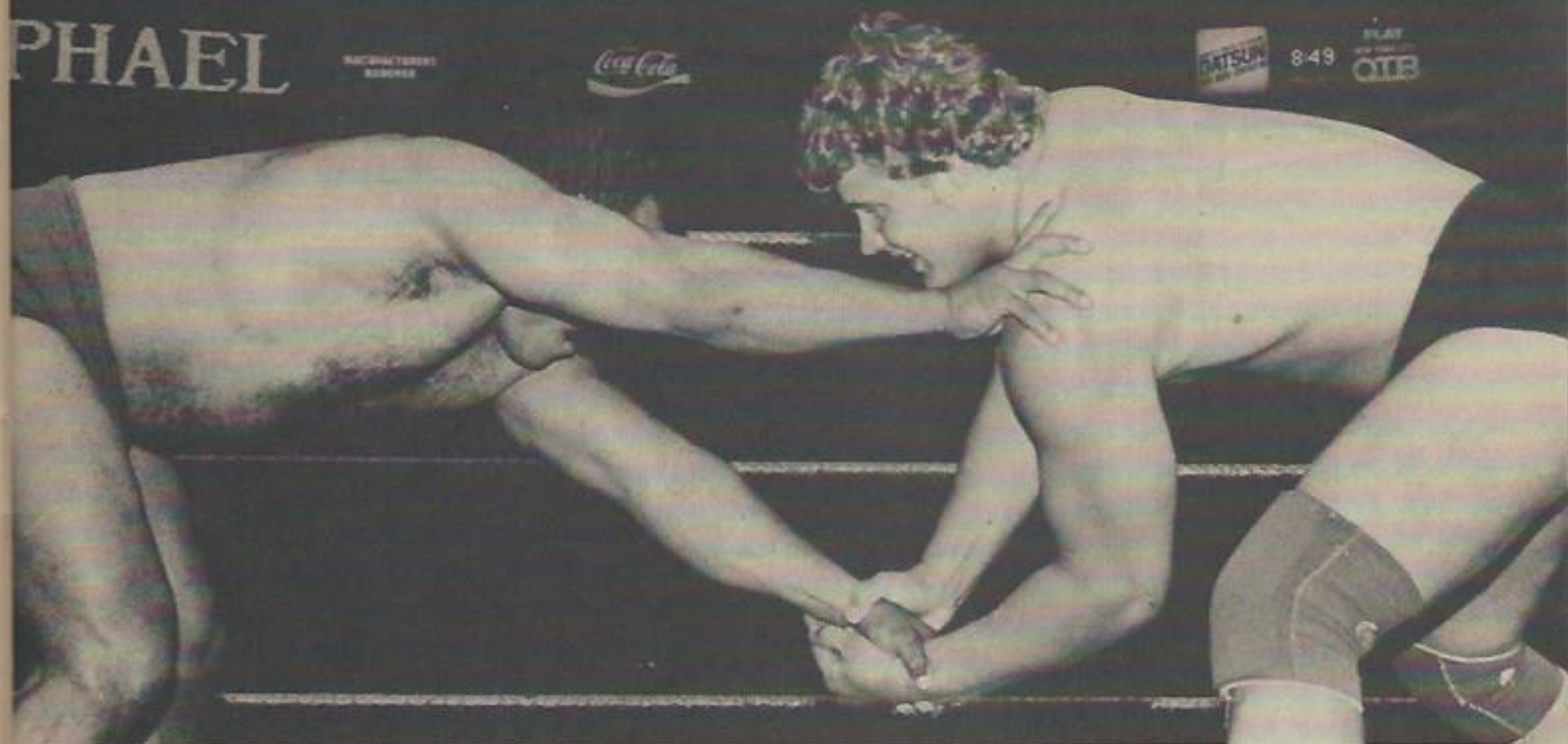
WRESTLING

Coca-Cola

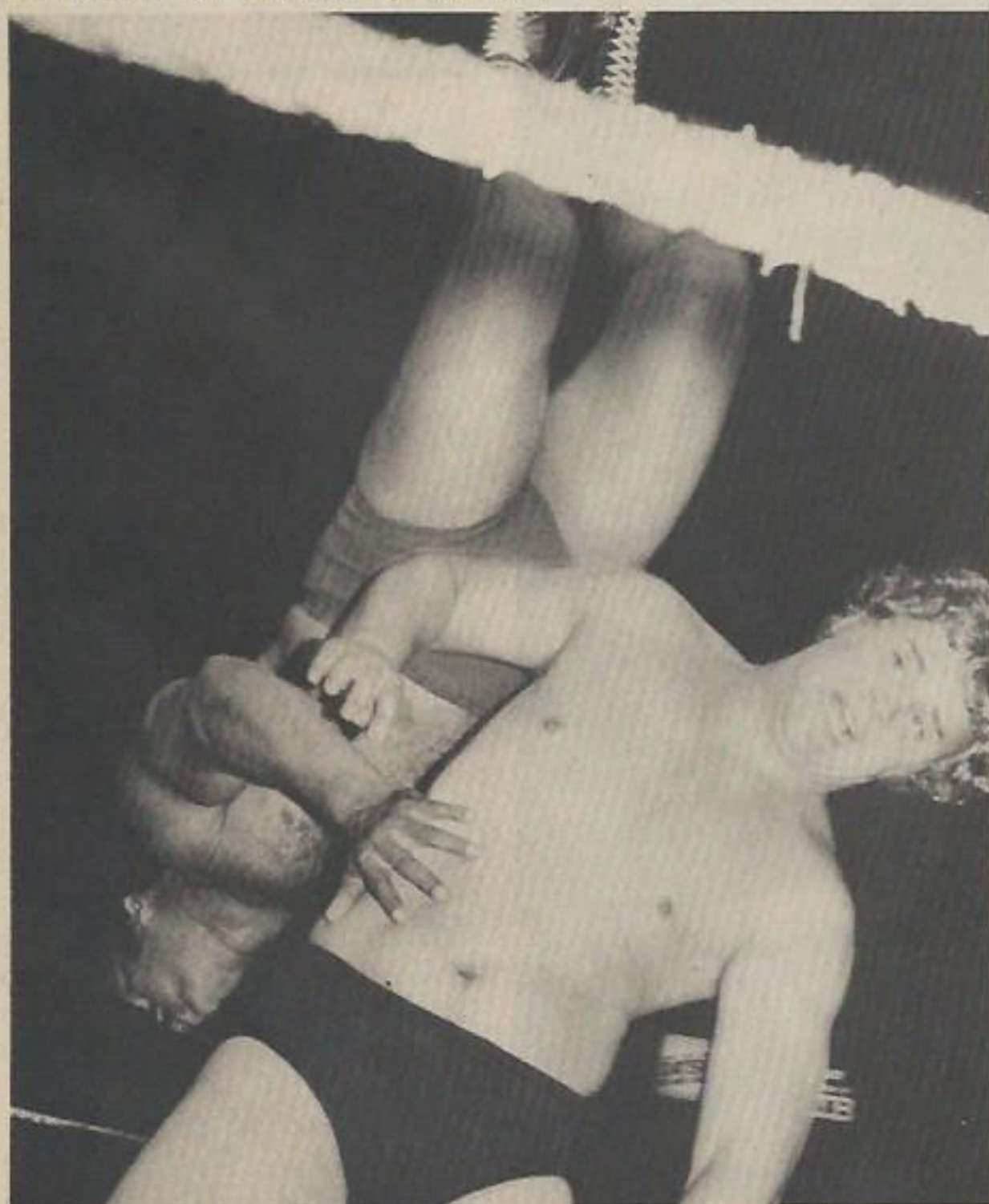
WATSON

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PLAY
QIB



The young Hennig locks up with the clever and unpredictable Johnny Rodz in the Garden (above). Curt catapults Rodz over his back en route to a victory (below). Hennig was a big hit with the New York fans.



nothing. And that's the way it should be. Still, that kind of workout leaves you sore and stiff for days!"

Curt's father Larry remembers those early workouts. "Curt would come home and practically cover himself in Ben-Gay and heating pads. The house reeked for weeks, but Curt never complained. He knew that even though Verne was harsh he was also fair, and that all his hard work and suffering would eventually pay off."

Curt believes that Gagne was definitely the best thing that could have happened to him. "There were 24 of us in Verne's camp to start. By the time it was all over, three months later, it was only me and one other guy left. Verne was very tough, but the discipline and stamina he passed on to me is going to pay off in the ring."

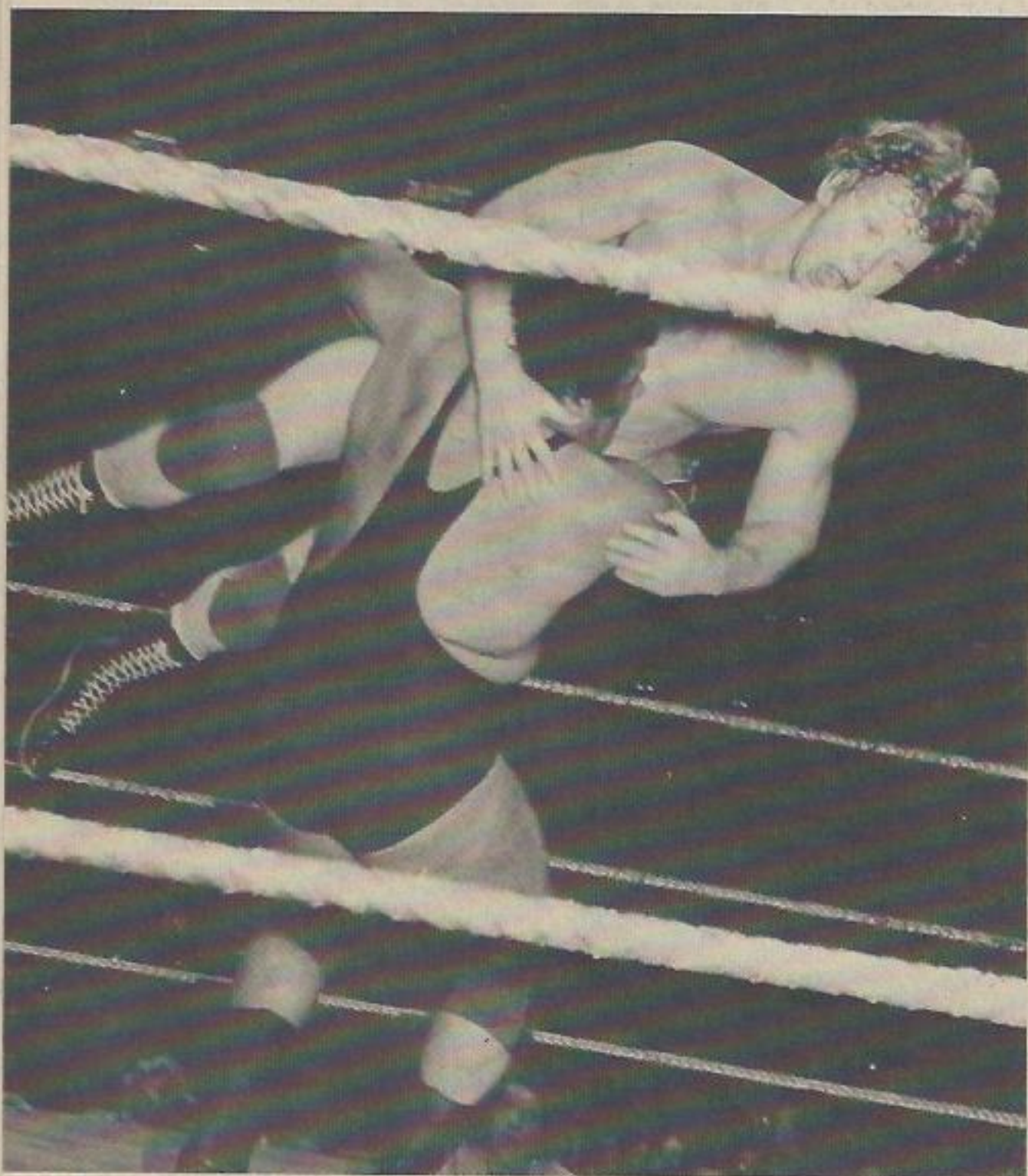
Curt made his professional debut against Bill Howard in front of his hometown fans in Minnesota. He has also wrestled in Wisconsin, South Dakota, Colorado, Canada, and New York.

"I love to travel and to meet fans from all around this area," he said. "The Canadian fans are great; they love the sport up there. But I think

(Continued on page 54)

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER

Startling Evidence! **HOW BACKLUND AND PATTERSON CONSPIRED AGAINST KING KONG MOSCA**



Mosca captures Backlund in a bearhug, but the resourceful champion pushes off the turnbuckles and nearly pins his foe.

**PHOTOS BY
BILL APTER &
STU SAKS**

CONTROVERSY REIGNED once again, and the fans were bitterly split in their opinions, as WWF champion Bob Backlund went up against King Kong Mosca in Madison Square Garden. The decision went to Backlund, but that was only the start of many arguments both in the seats and in the locker rooms.

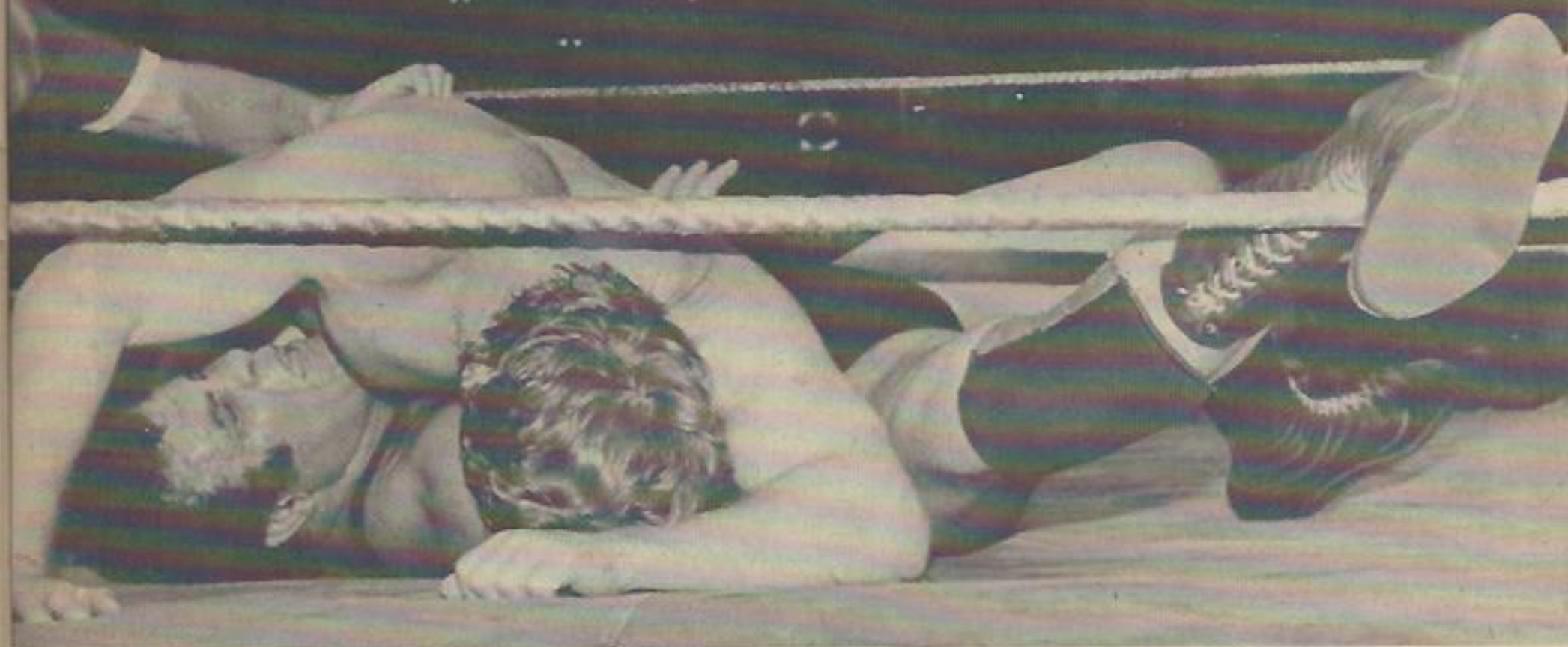
As the ring announcer informed the crowd that Backlund and Mosca were about to enter the ring, excitement in the Garden reached a fever pitch. By the time the match was over, the Garden was in chaos.

"A ripoff, a stinking ripoff!" accused Rob Kirsch, a fan who had witnessed the match. "I drove all the way down from Binghamton [200 miles] tonight just to see Mosca and Backlund. I had no idea it was going to be two against one. That clown Patterson should be shot."

What this outraged fan was referring to were the widely spread accusations of favoritism towards



The charges and counter-charges fill the air like bullets over a battlefield. Is it just another hollow accusation of known liars Captain Lou Albano and King Kong Mosca? Or is it the ugly truth that Pat Patterson and Bob Backlund conspired to keep the WWF title from Mosca, using any means possible?



Pictures don't lie. Special referee Pat Patterson makes his count while Mosca's leg is clearly on the ropes (above). Backlund attempts to pin his challenger with a sunset flip (below).

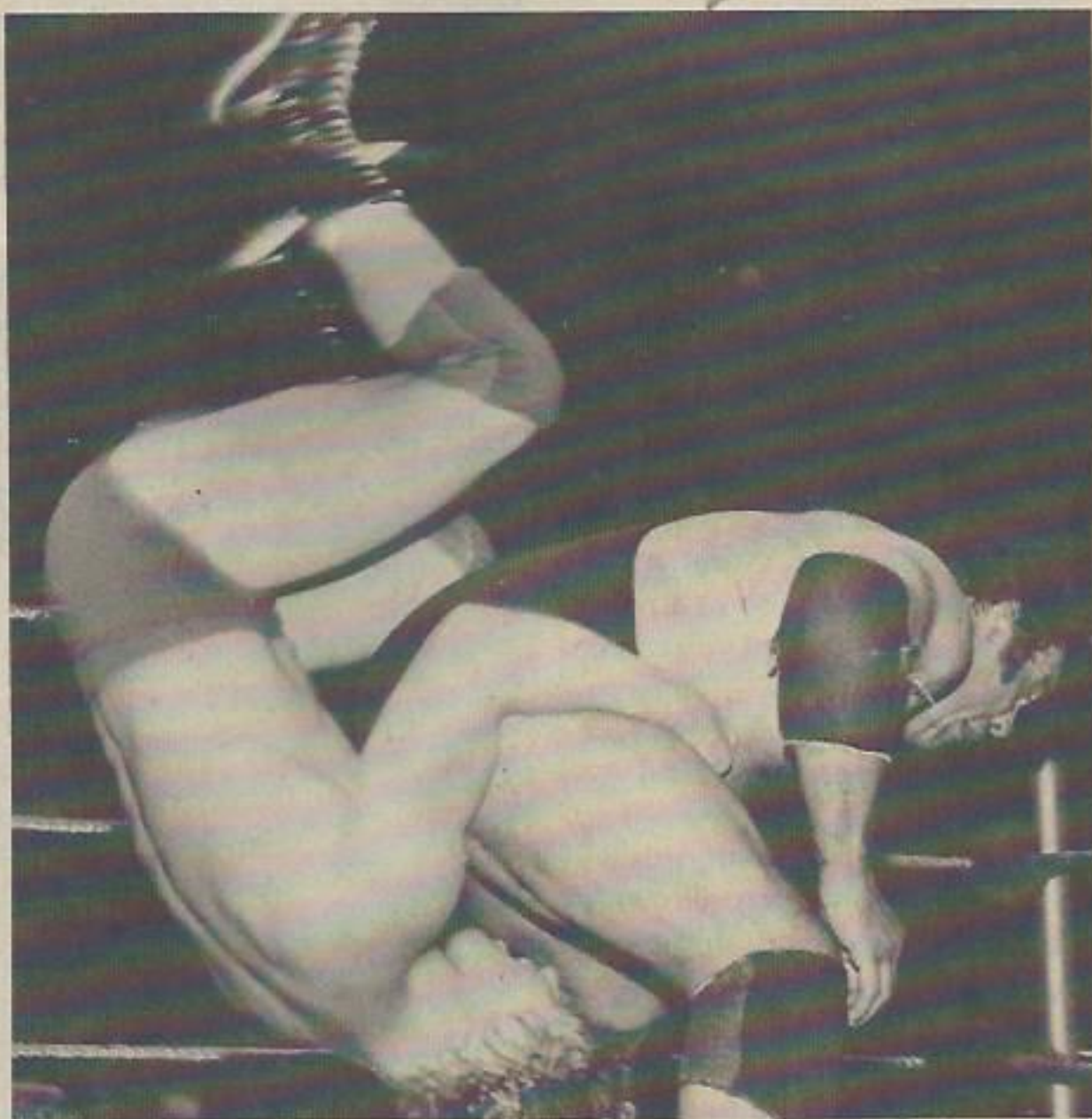
Backlund on the part of special referee Pat Patterson. Mosca's manager, Captain Lou Albano echoed his reaction.

"Crazy. Completely insane. I don't know what happened to Patterson, but he should never be allowed to referee again," the Captain complained. "Did you see how this guy didn't even stop Backlund when he had his feet on the ropes? No! But just let Mosca even come near those ropes and Patterson called him on it."

Another charge levelled against Patterson was the manner in which he conducted the counts against each wrestler.

"Arrrgh!" Albano sounded, covering his eyes. "That one really got me! Unbelievable! Patterson's counts against Mosca were twice as fast as his counts against Backlund, at least twice, if that's not favoring Backlund, I don't know what it is!"

Pat Patterson denied all accusations made against his integrity as a ring official.





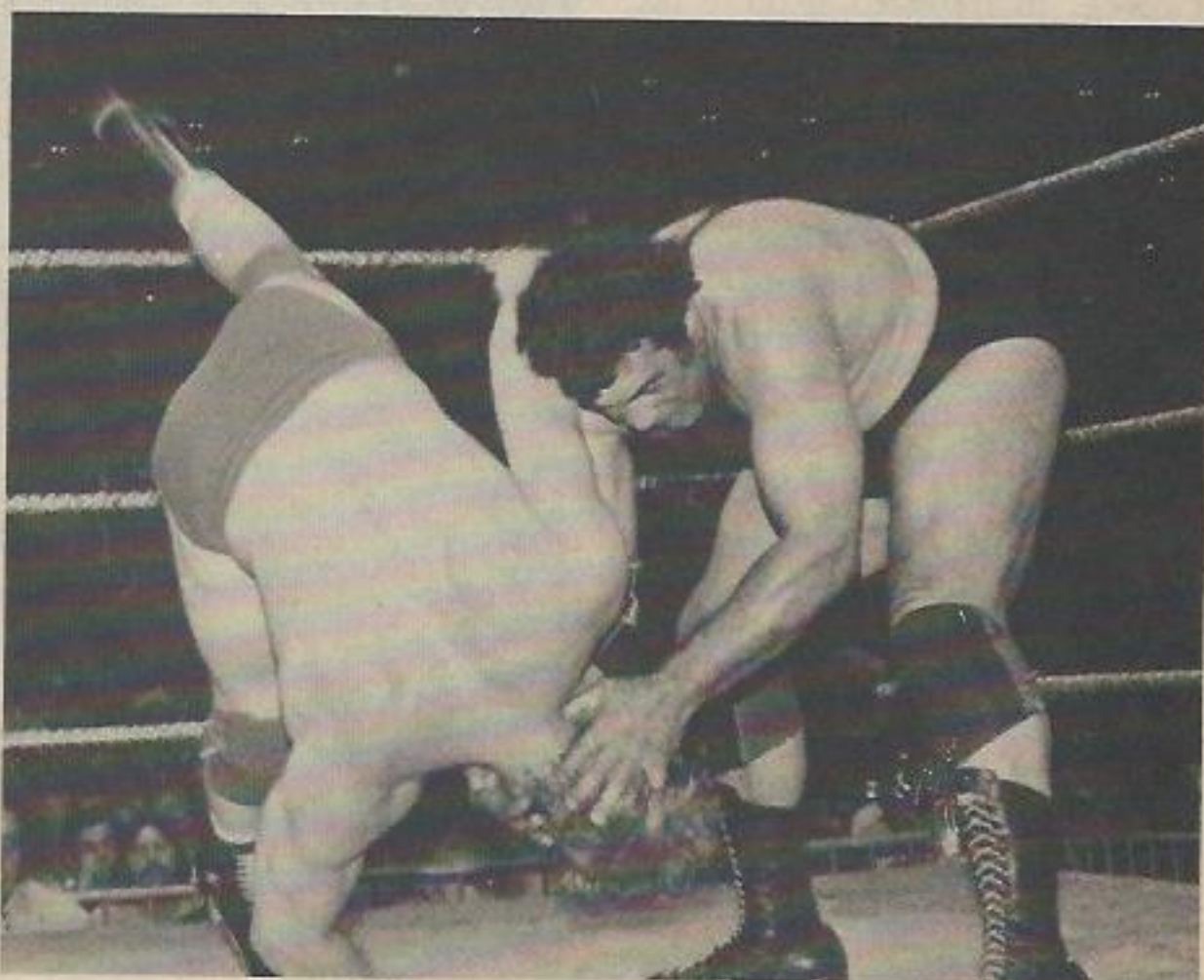
"Lies, all vicious lies," he bellowed. "I'll stake my reputation against anyone else's in this sport. Albano is losing his mind. He's only angry because his boy Mosca looked shabby against Backlund."

Backlund was firm in his defense of Patterson, saying, "Pat Patterson is one of the most honest men I know. If he missed anything in the ring, I'm sure it was unintentional. The job of a referee is not an easy one, and you can't be everywhere at once."

On the subject of King Kong Mosca, however, Backlund was less than kind.

"I don't know about this guy Ping Pong, or Ding Dong, or whatever he's called this week," Backlund said. "What I do know is that he's a coward. If you can't defend yourself in the ring, you just don't turn around and attack the

Mosca cries out in pain as Backlund executes a series of bicep lifts (above). Mosca, who possesses a tremendous amount of raw strength, pulls Backlund to the canvas by his head (below).



referee. That's the easy way out. But that's the way he is.

"All you have to do is watch him," Backlund continued. "Did you see how he snuck up on me

from behind on TV? He spit in my face! A coward from the word go, and that's the last thing I'll say about him right now."

"Mosca's a crybaby," said

another fan in the Garden who wished to remain anonymous. "He's such a mental weakling that the only way he can get any attention is to throw a tantrum about the referee. I have to go along with Patterson, though. Best as I could tell he was fair all the way. Backlund is a superior wrestler, plain and simple."

What about Mosca himself? How did he react to all the verbal abuse directed his way?

"Anybody with half a flea's brain knows that I'm a better man than Backlund," he boasted, "and I'll meet him in the ring again, anytime, anywhere. But next time, I don't even want to see Patterson's ugly mug within a mile of the arena. I want a fair shake. If I can get an official who isn't totally biased, then I know I can destroy Backlund one on one."

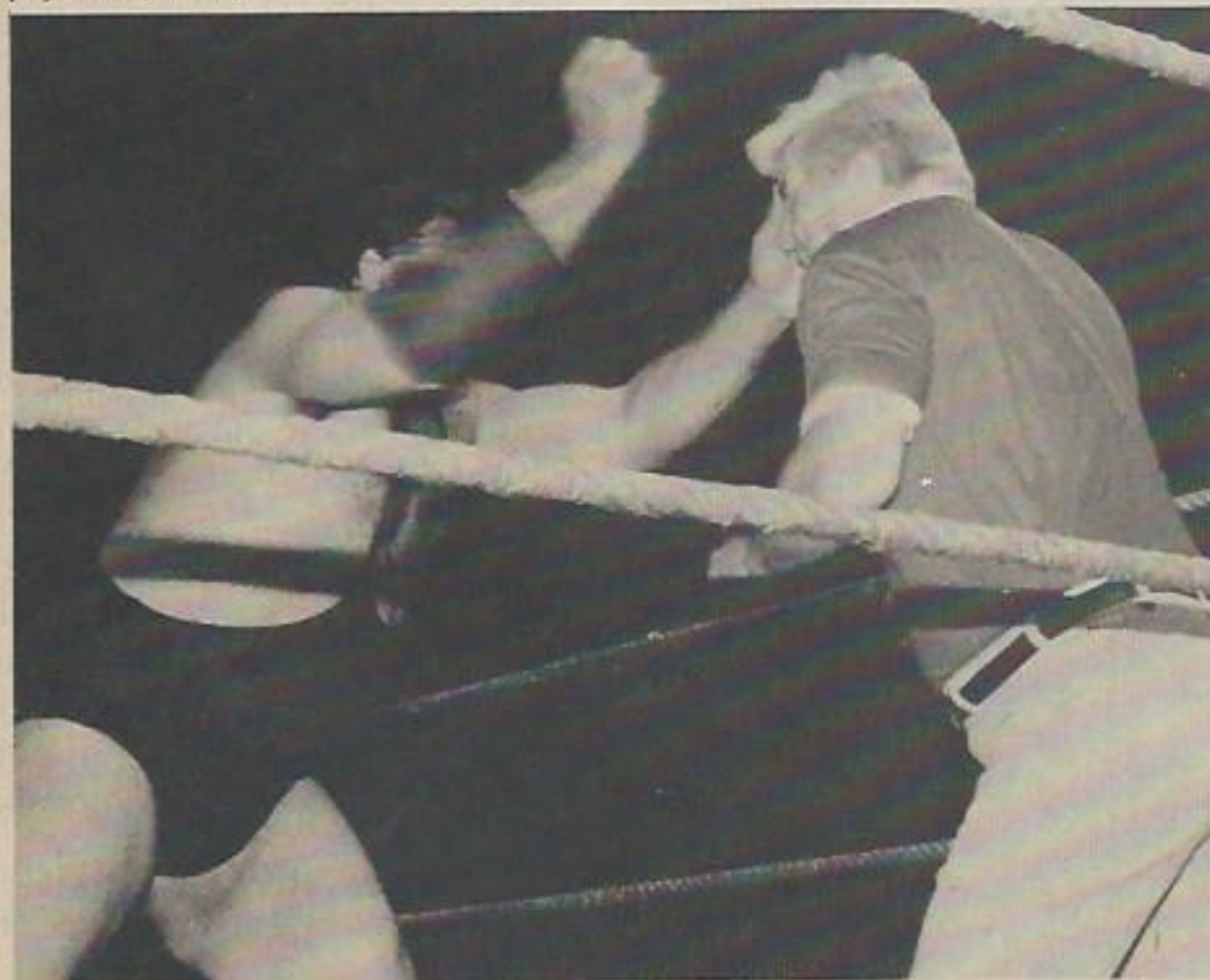
It was clear that Mosca was angered by the controversy that surrounded his match with Backlund. "I think it's cheap for a champion to be in cahoots with the referee. But Backlund's a wimp, and I guess he needs that kind of help in order to keep his precious belt."

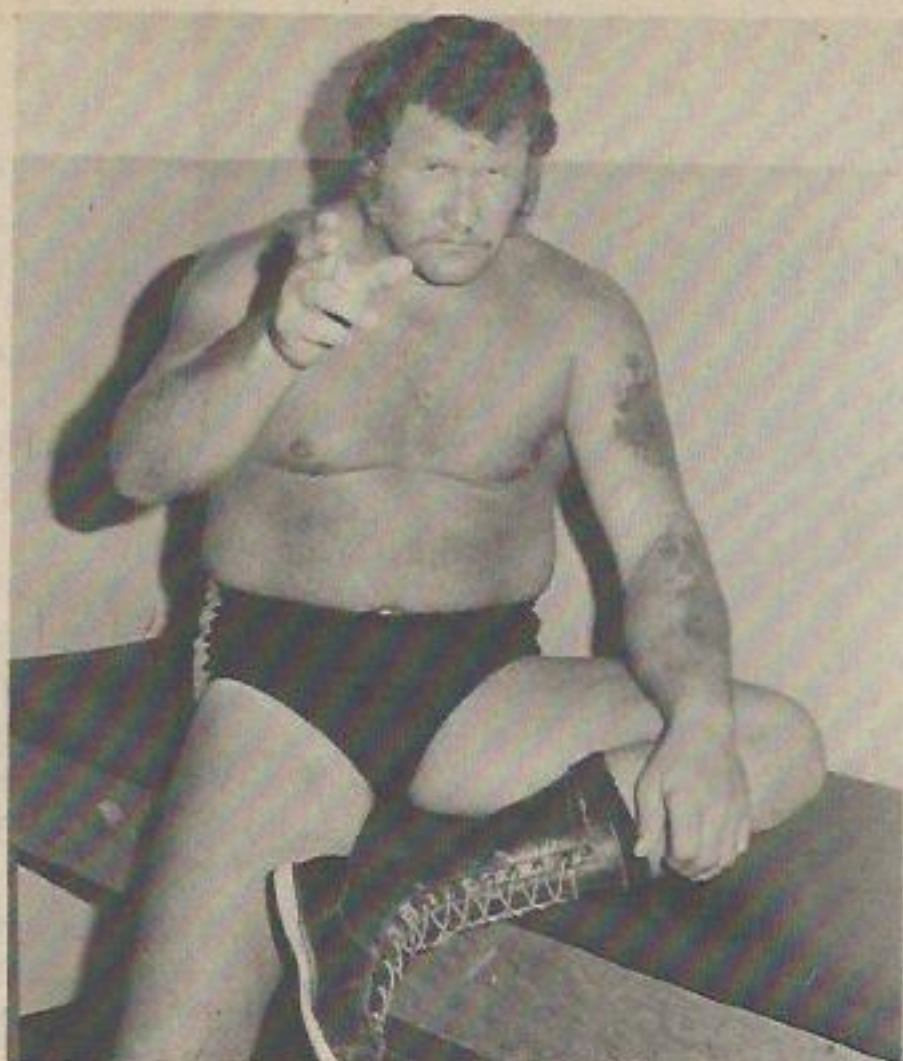
A lot of fans in the Garden were calling for a rematch immediately following the decision. Some hollered that Mosca was cheated out of a rightful victory; others countered that Backlund deserved the privilege of humiliating Mosca once again. Discussion in the locker rooms centered around a possible rematch as well.

"Maybe. Yeah, Backlund should have his face pushed in," said Albano while the dust settled in the dressing room, "and King Kong is the guy to do it. But I want to see a fair contest with an impartial ref. Nothing's fair about two against one, but if it happens again, King Kong will be ready. He'll be ready and mean, he'll demolish Backlund with or without help from the ref. This time was a surprise. Next time, it's Backlund who's gonna be surprised." □



Mosca expresses his displeasure with Patterson's officiating after being illegally pinned (above). When Patterson refuses to change his decision, Mosca gets physical (below).



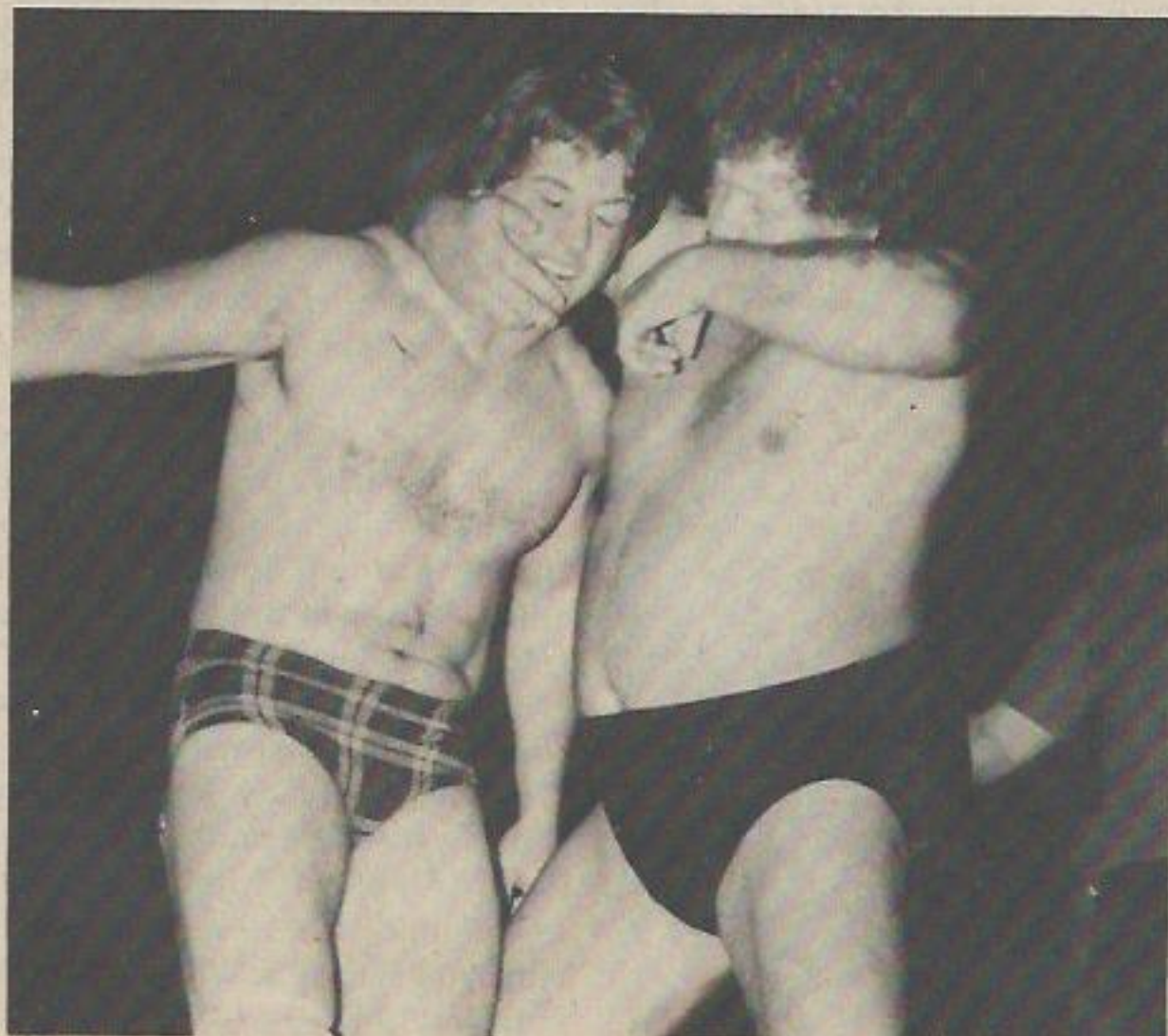


HARLEY RACE

Roddy Piper's voice came out of the television like a sonic boom. He claimed NWA champion Harley Race was a coward. This startling statement shocked many viewers, but none more than Race himself. They say television brings the world closer. It brought Harley Race and Roddy Piper so close they were in the same ring

CALL HIM A COWARD— AND PAY THE PRICE

By Craig Peters



THE TRIP TO Georgia was pleasant enough. I was on assignment to interview NWA heavyweight champion Harley Race at his hotel in Atlanta. The weather was perfect, my car hadn't blown a gasket in nearly 400 miles, and it even looked as if I might wrap up the interview in time to visit an old girlfriend in South Carolina on my way back up north.

Ah, but the best laid plans . . . Little did I realize then that I would be drawn into a situation so chaotic as to not only prevent my stopping in South Carolina, but would eventually bring me six

Holding Piper behind the head, Race fires a series of short lefts into Roddy's exposed face.

days over schedule and into Virginia to witness one of the great Mid-Atlantic grudge matches in recent history.

It all began innocently enough. I was in Race's hotel room discussing past NWA championship matches. While we were talking, Race was screening some videotapes of recent matches, analyzing his opponents' styles for any hint of weakness that might be used against them in a future match.

Race was describing a title bout with Dusty Rhodes when he heard his own name mentioned on one of the tapes. "Hold it!" he interrupted, "I gotta hear this."

It was a tape of a recent Mid-Atlantic wrestling show. U.S. champion Roddy Piper was speaking.

"That bum Harley Race is gutless!" Piper screamed. "He never fights anyone who even has a chance of giving him some real competition in the ring. He's afraid of getting his poor little face bruised. Well I say bull! Just let me in the ring with that pansy, and I'll show him what real wrestling is like. He's gutless! He'll run out of the arena so fast he'll leave that yellow streak down his back in the middle of the ring!"

Race's reaction to the interview was so violent, I literally feared for my life. After pounding his meaty fist into the Betamax machine, he immediately went to the phone. He was muttering to himself as he dialed Charlotte, North Carolina, and the headquarters of Roddy Piper.

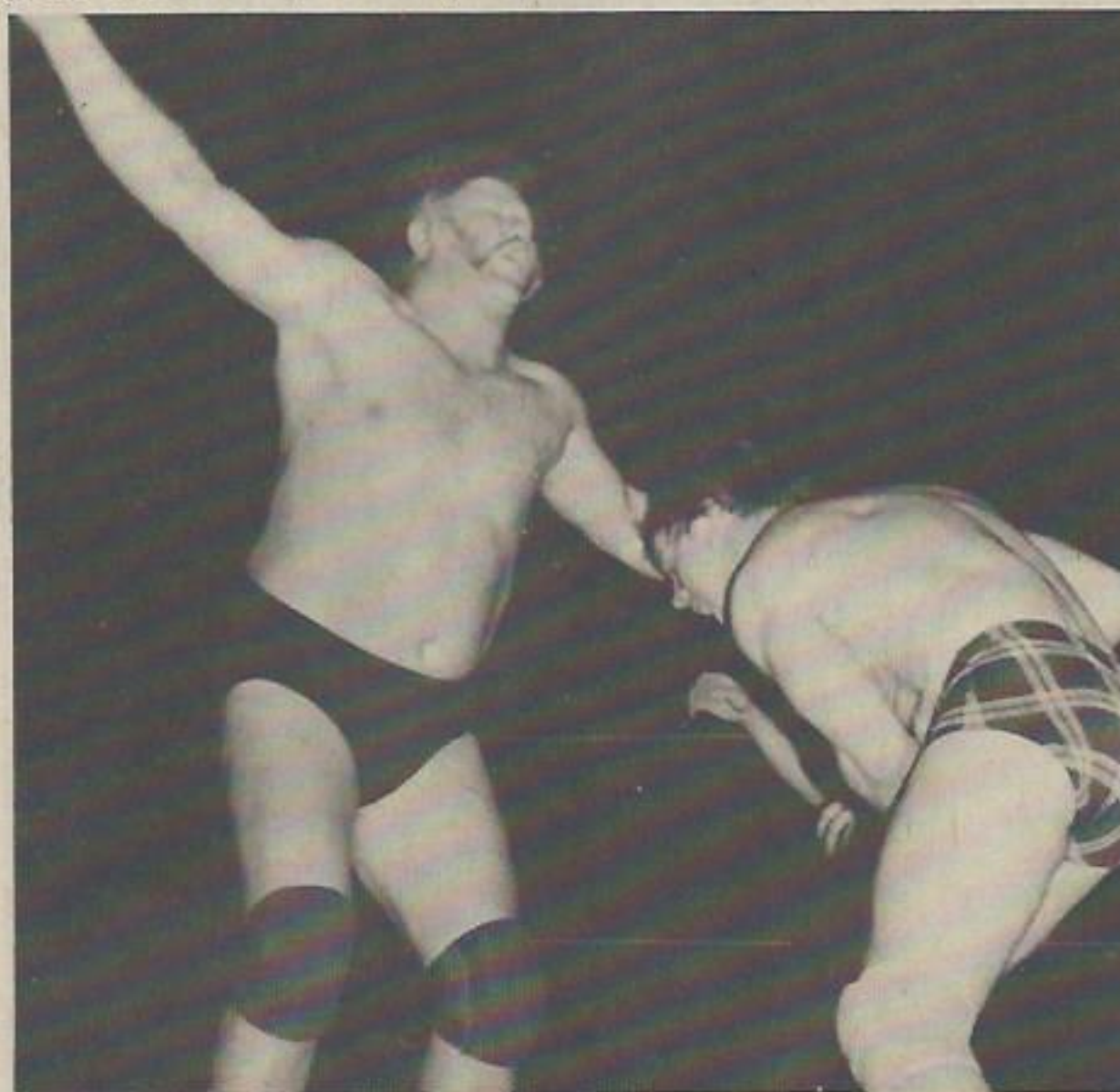
"Call me yellow, huh?" Race grumbled, "call me a pansy, eh? Gutless? I'll show that scum."

The rest of Race's tantrum and the "discussion" with Piper is unsuitable for publication. Needless to say that a match

(Continued on page 58)



Race is not one to turn the other cheek and ignore insults. Especially when the insults come from a man like Piper. From a kneeling position, Race uppercuts his stunned challenger (above). The champion then climbs to his feet and drops his powerful arm across the back of Piper's head (below).



Dusty Swears Revenge

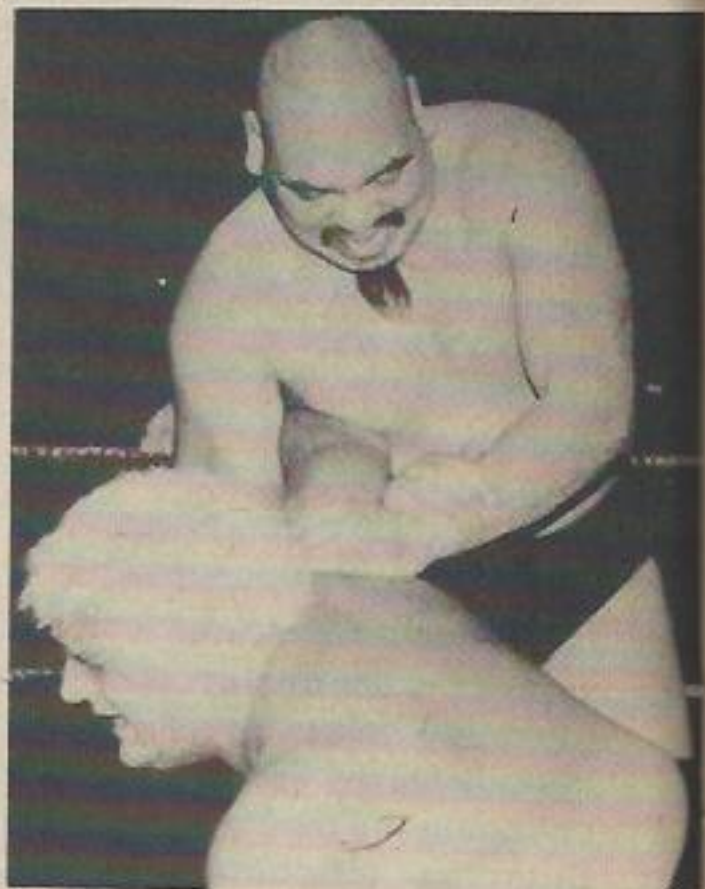
"KILLER

PHOTOS BY BILL APTER



WHAT KIND OF twisted animal would ruthlessly incapacitate a man by viciously crushing his leg to the point of breaking his bone into more pieces than its designer had intended?

What kind of deranged maniac would invite the wrath of the entire wrestling community by performing such an atrocity on none other than Andre the Giant?



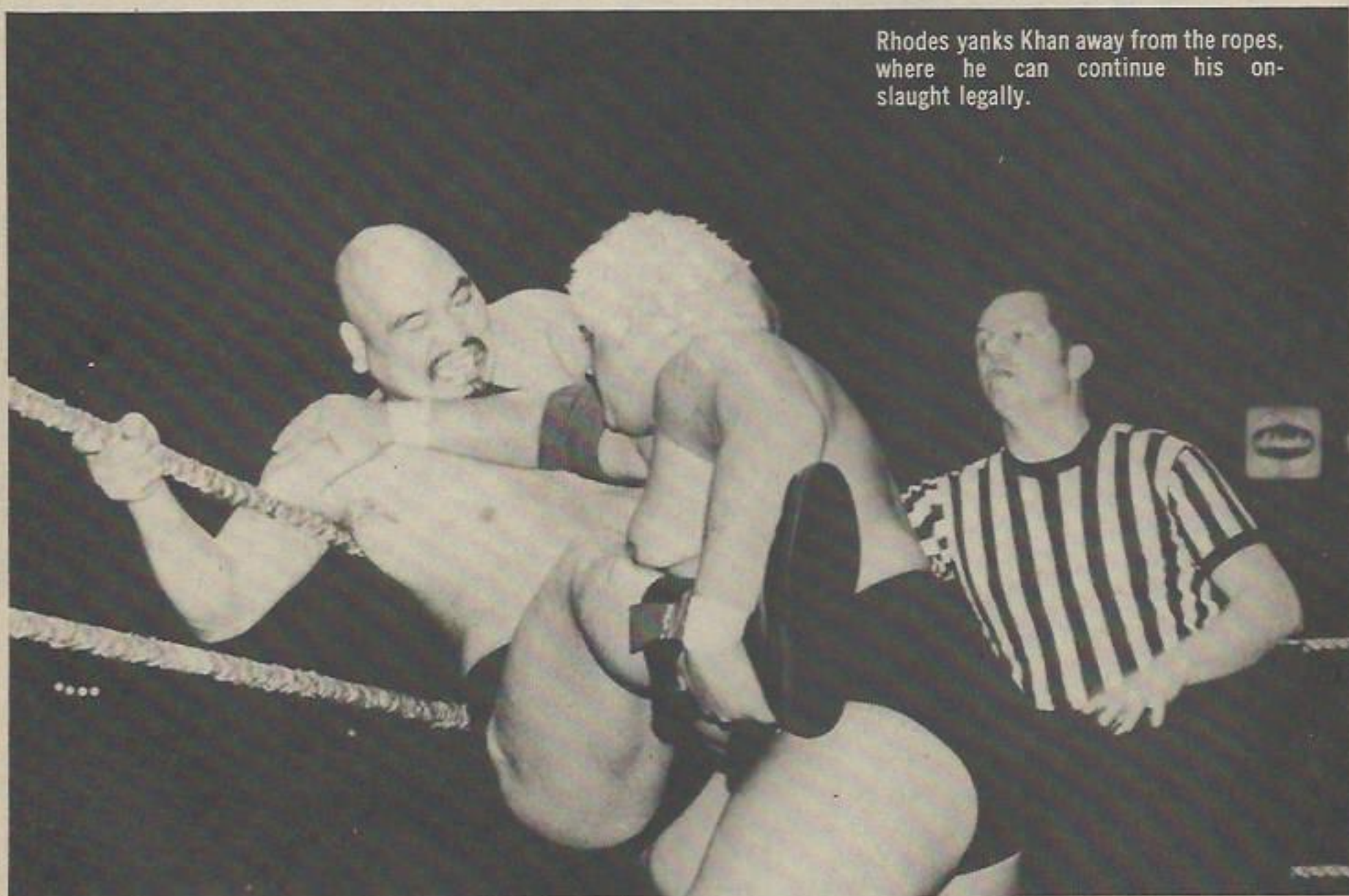
Presently, Andre the Giant is in no condition to avenge the vicious attack he suffered at the hands of Killer Khan. Fortunately, the Giant has a good friend in Dusty Rhodes, who feels as much anger toward Khan as Andre. Left: Rhodes grabs Khan by his ponytail. Above: Khan takes a brief advantage with an armlock.

What kind of demented mentality would feast on the dozens of threats of violence and physical mutilation sworn by Andre's many friends?

The answer can be given

When Killer Khan viciously broke Andre the Giant's leg, the snap of the breaking bone could be heard around the wrestling world. Dusty Rhodes, the "American Dream," knew that somebody had to stop Khan's rampage. And Dusty also knew that that somebody was him

KHAN MUST BE DESTROYED!"



Rhodes yanks Khan away from the ropes, where he can continue his onslaught legally.

simply in two words: Killer Khan.

Among the many wrestlers who rose to Andre's defense, vowing hideous revenge upon the maniacal Mongolian, Dusty Rhodes was perhaps the most outspoken.

"That Oriental freak has no scruples," said Rhodes. "He uses that kung-fu stuff of his to maim other men. I don't see how

that lunatic can sleep at night with that on his conscience. But he probably sleeps well, that animal. Breaking Andre's leg was an atrocity."

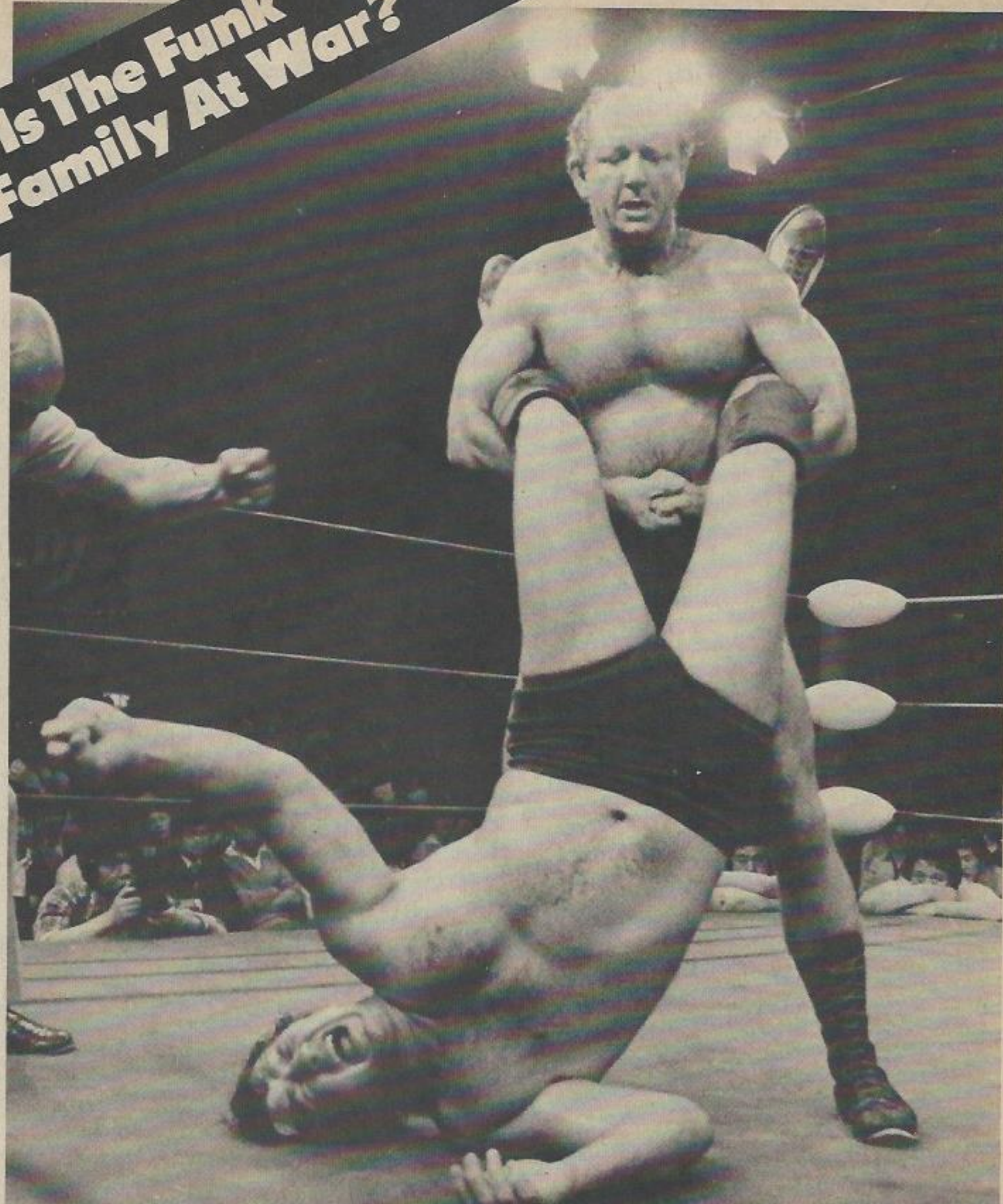
To learn more about the proper uses of kung-fu, *The Wrestler* contacted noted martial arts expert Darfoon Tsu of the Changhwa Institute of Defense in Japan. Master Tsu

holds seven top-degree black belts in varying disciplines.

"It's distressing to see Killer Khan make such use of his knowledge," said Master Tsu. "The martial arts are a defensive tool. Above all, kung-fu reflects a peaceful philosophy. It's very much a shame to see a renegade like Khan turn against his

(Continued on page 62)

**Is The Funk
Family At War?**

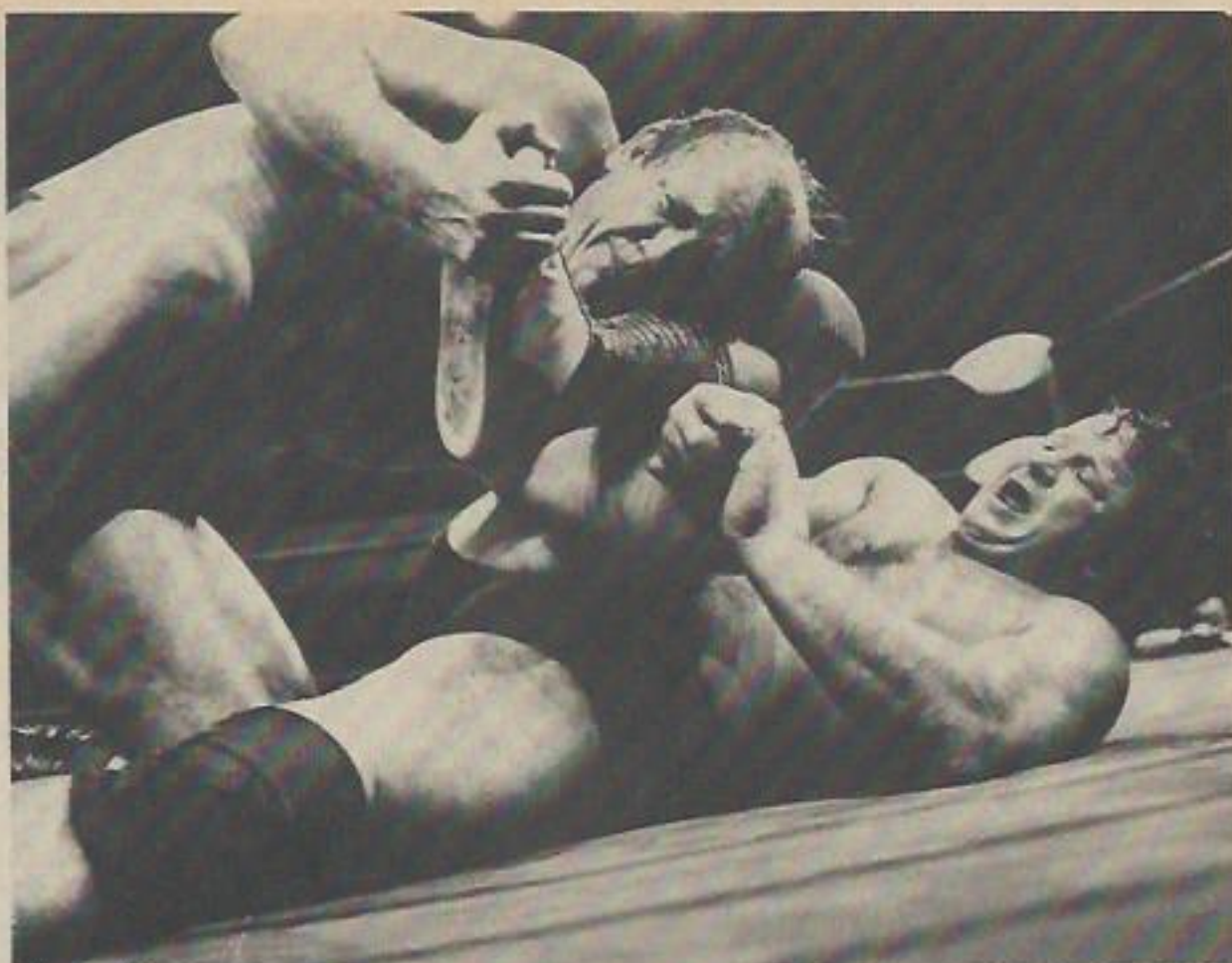


**WHY TERRY FUNK AND
DORY FUNK JR.
WERE FORCED TO WRESTLE**

JAPAN, LAND OF the rising sun and site of one of the most ironic and exciting matches of all time. It was brother pitted against brother as Dory Funk Jr. and Terry Funk recently squared off against each other in a bout that only could have been concocted by fate.

Nearly two dozen of the world's best grapplers met in Japan to vie for the coveted International Trophy. As two of the favorite sons in one of wrestling's first families, Dory and Terry traveled halfway around the world to show Japan's avid wrestling fans what the sport is all about.

"We're as close as brothers can be," said Terry. "While we were growing up, we used to



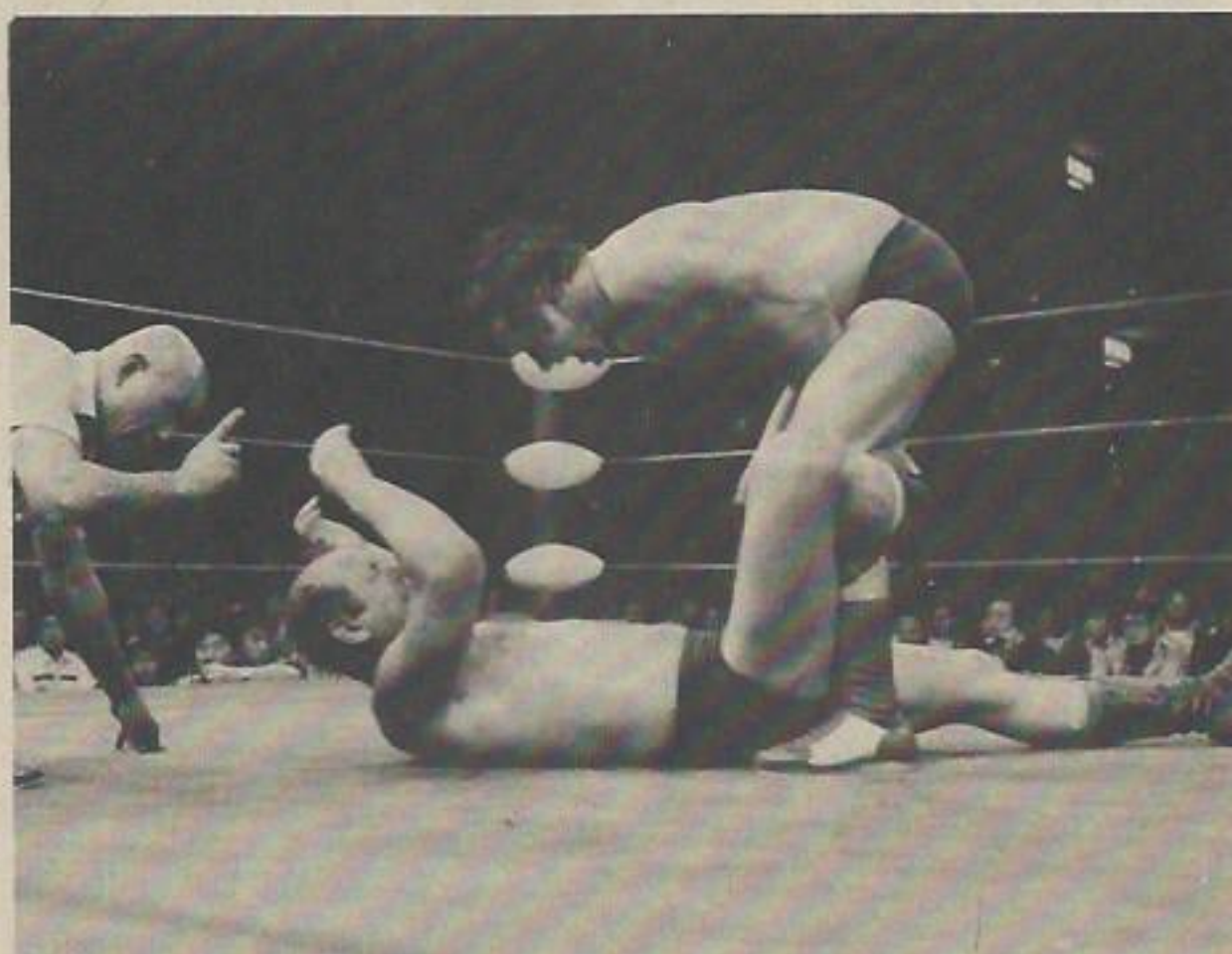
This incredible match showed the immense scientific wrestling knowledge both Funks possess. Shifting his body weight forward, Dory adds to the effectiveness of his leglock.

They are as close as two brothers can be. Throughout their wrestling careers, Terry Funk and Dory Funk Jr. have traded support, knowledge, and brotherly love. What strange twist of fate brought the two together in one ring, not as partners—but as opponents?

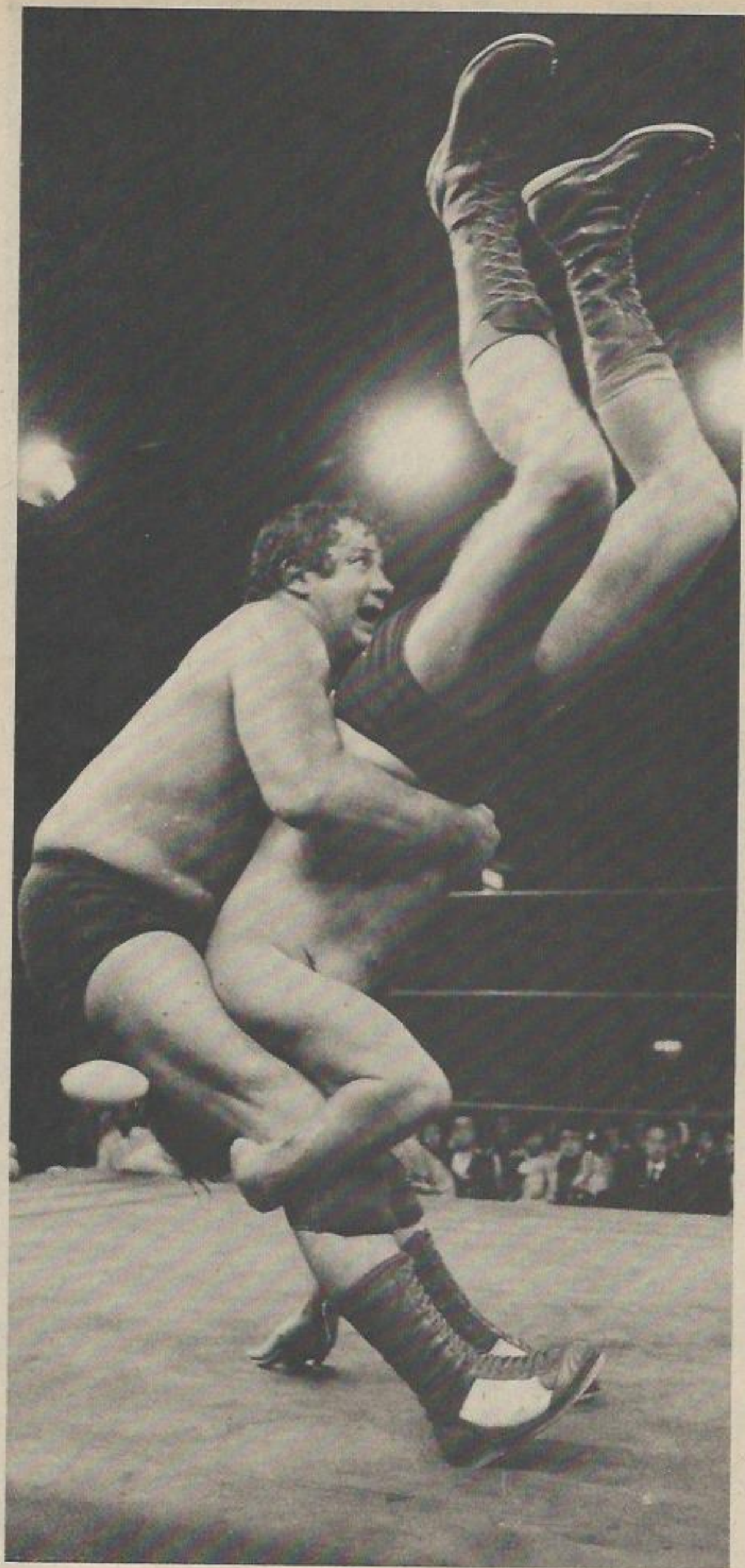
wrestle each other in school, in the backyard, you name it. We were constantly testing ourselves against each other, and we both grew to be better wrestlers because of it."

Brother Dory remembers. "As we were growing up," he said, "we learned each other's styles and moves. It was a great challenge to develop new moves to outwit the other guy. But as soon as I found a new way to pin Terry, he'd learn a way out of the pin and come up with some new way to pin me instead."

When both brothers entered professional wrestling, they often traveled with each other, looking out for one another. The bonds of brotherhood strengthened, and though



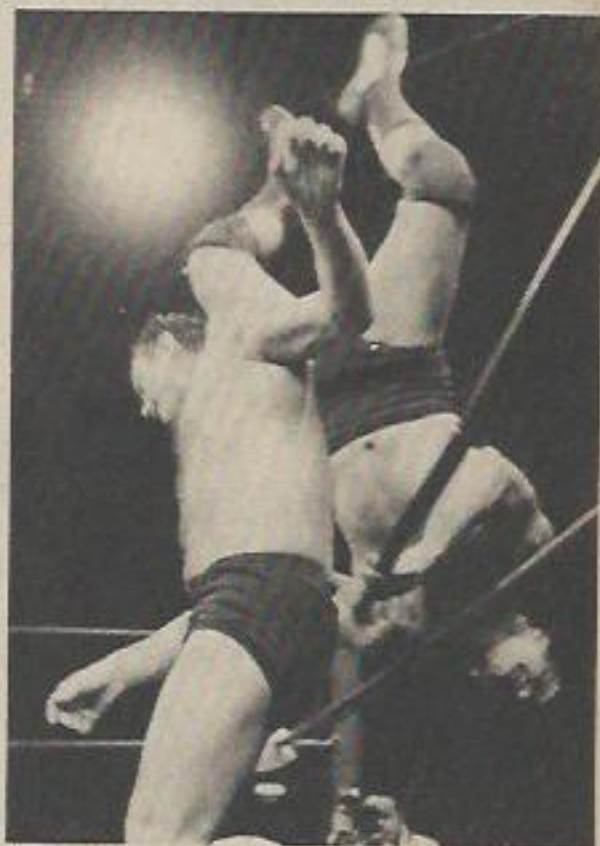
Terry attempts to execute a spinning toehold, but cannot complete the maneuver. His opponent, equally as adept at the use of that maneuver, also knows the proper escape procedure.



promoters often tried to get Terry and Dory to enter the ring against each other, they never complied.

"Promoters would come to us," remembers Terry, "and try to get us to wrestle each other, but we just couldn't do it. The fan mail over the years has been pretty strong, too. I don't know. It just doesn't seem right. The family ties are too strong."

In the final match for the International Trophy, though, it seemed that fate would have the final say. As straws were drawn to determine the pairings, chance brought together two



Dory's extended right arm helps lessen the force of Terry's piledriver (left). The referee ruled that Terry was flipped over the ropes unintentionally (above) and let the match continue.

wrestlers who once vowed never to enter the ring against each other.

"We're men of honor," explained Dory, "and we were bound by the rules of the tournament. We agreed to the random straw drawing, and if Terry and I were slated to wrestle each other, well, the honor of the sport should go before our own feelings."

Thousands of screaming fans looked on, aware of the brothers' continued refusals to

wrestle one another, knowing that they were in for one of the great matches of the decade.

For a full 55 minutes, Dory wrestled Terry in perhaps the most evenly-matched and precise scientific bout ever seen in Japan. From start to finish, there was no way to know who would emerge victorious, or even if the match would wind up in a draw.

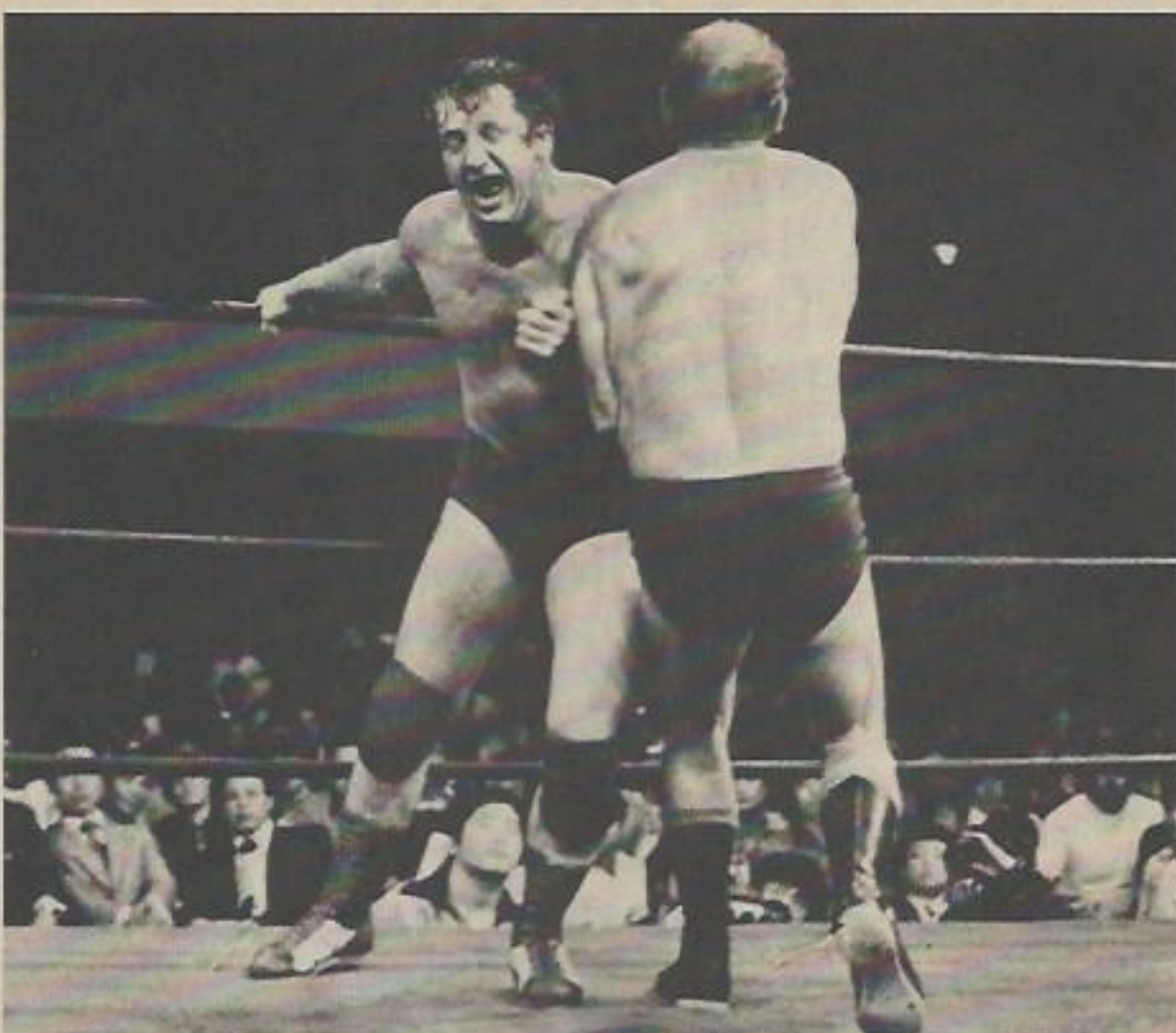
"I've never seen anything like it," said noted Japanese wrestling authority Hito Nakamai. "I've covered this sport for nearly three decades, and the sight of two brothers grappling for the International Trophy, two brothers who once vowed to never enter the ring against each other, is certainly the most unusual and the most exciting event I've ever been witness to."

Dory and Terry engaged in a match which had the crowd on its feet for almost the full length of the battle. Widely known as rulebreakers, the Funks astounded everyone by presenting what amounted to a clinic on scientific wrestling.

"I don't mind using maneuvers that are different or that might annoy the referee a little bit," said Dory, "and in many of my matches I do. But against my own brother? Something overtook me. It was like I was wrestling for the first time in my life."

"I've never seen Dory wrestle better," said Terry, "and I've traveled the circuit with him for years. But I know what he means when he says that something overtook him. I felt the same way. It was like being possessed by some sort of bizarre demonic spirit."

Whatever it felt like, all onlookers agreed that both brothers exhibited some of the purest wrestling ever seen in this hemisphere of the globe.



The Japanese fans were indeed fortunate to witness this once in a lifetime clash. The match was a true classic. Terry and Dory collide bounding off the ropes (above). The referee counts as the stunned Funks recoup their strength (below).



The fact that it was brother against devoted brother only served to purify the tactics of each wrestler that much more.

The crowd cheered as the upper hand changed again and again: first Dory, then Terry, Dory again, and Terry... on and on for nearly an hour. When it was all said and done, Dory Funk was declared the winner in a narrow decision.

Writing in the sports pages of one of Japan's largest daily newspapers the day after the

match, Hito Nakamai said that he "could not have honestly decided who was the better man, they were that close." He continued to praise the match as one of the most sportsman-like and professional contests he has ever witnessed.

What about Terry? Does he hold any hostility for his brother having beaten him? Is he looking for a rematch?

"I don't think a rematch would prove anything," Terry explained, "and I really don't want one. I felt good while I was in the ring, I was happy with my performance. Dory was on top of it, though, really at the peak of his form."

Dory held mixed feelings. "I feel good about winning the International Trophy, but I don't like to see Terry lose," he said. "Terry wrestled as well as I did, and deserved to win as much as me. The fans will never see a rematch, though. This was a once in a lifetime event."

No argument there. □

— Exclusive Coverage —

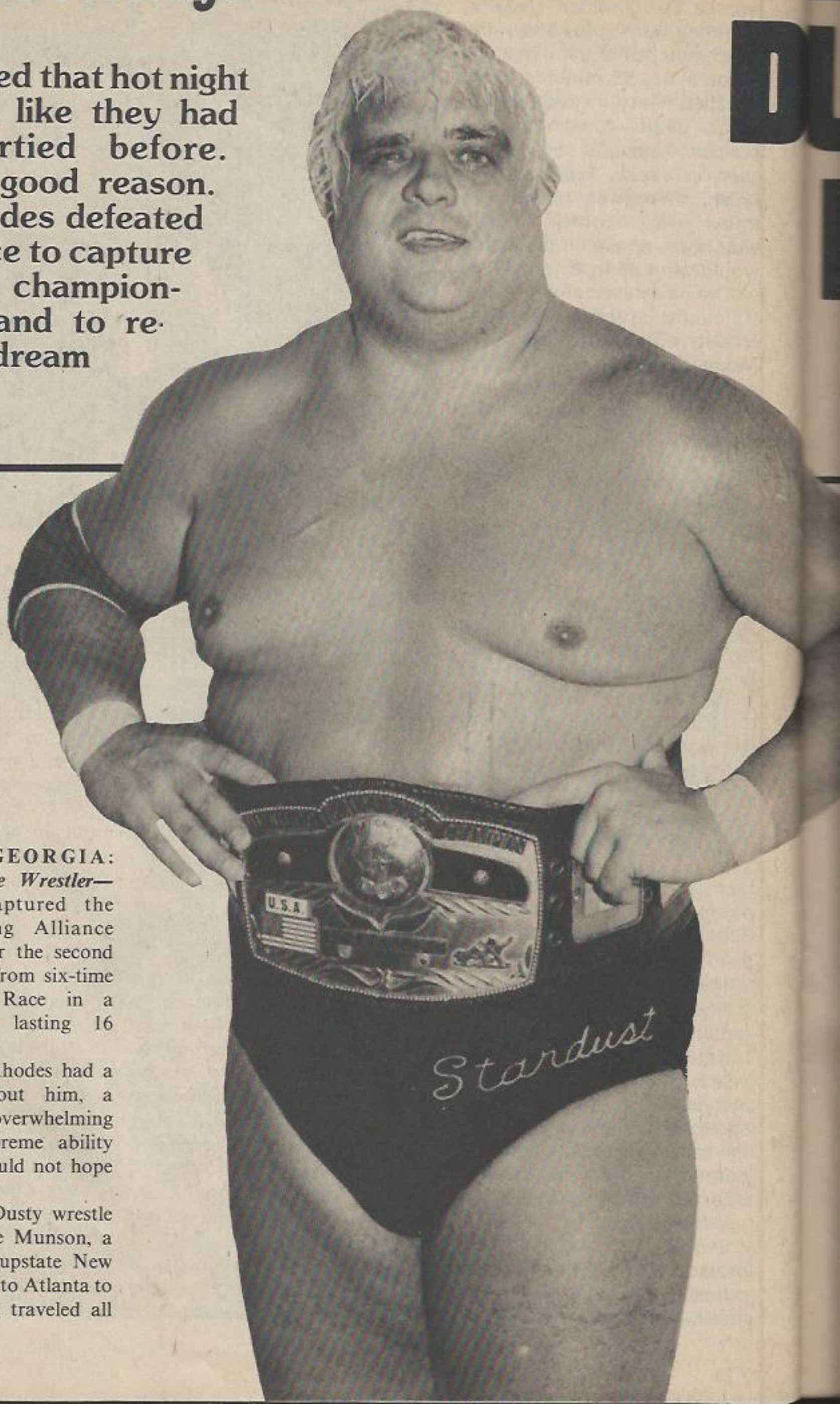
They partied that hot night in Atlanta like they had never partied before. And with good reason. Dusty Rhodes defeated Harley Race to capture the NWA championship belt and to recapture a dream

PHOTOS BY
BILL APTER

ATTLANTA, GEORGIA: Special to *The Wrestler*—Dusty Rhodes captured the National Wrestling Alliance heavyweight title for the second time in 10 months from six-time champion Harley Race in a spectacular match lasting 16 minutes 55 seconds.

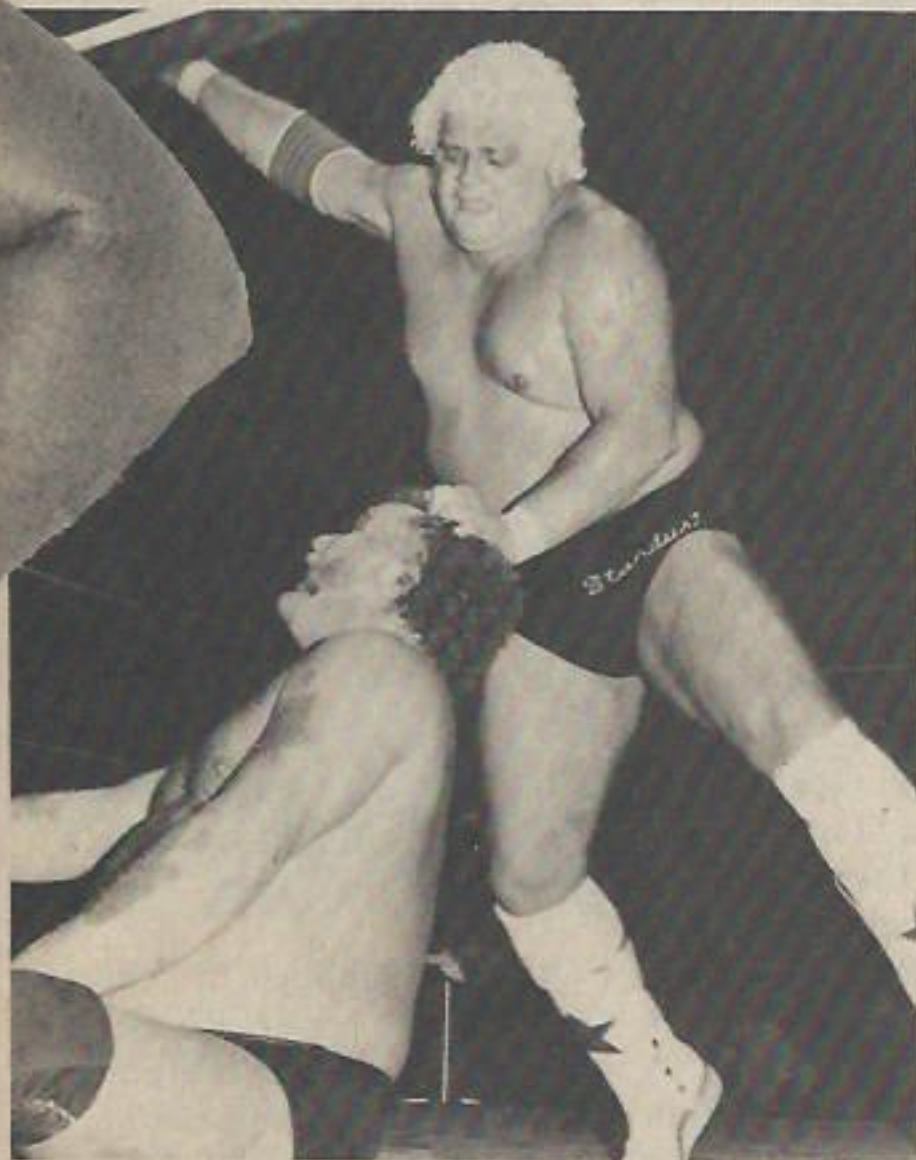
From the start, Rhodes had a special quality about him, a combination of overwhelming confidence and supreme ability that Race simply could not hope to match.

"I've never seen Dusty wrestle like that," said Nate Munson, a wrestling fan from upstate New York who had flown to Atlanta to see the match. "I've traveled all



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I

DUSTY RHODES REGAINS THE NWA TITLE!



He wrestled at an intensity level most human beings will never achieve. Dusty wanted the belt, so he went out and took it. Rhodes pounds away at Race from behind (left) and runs his weakened foe across the ring to the turnbuckles (above).

across the country to watch him wrestle, and he's never been as sharp, never been as perfect, as he was tonight. Even when he bested Race for the NWA title the first time, oh, back in August of last year. He was great in that match, but it was nothing like tonight."

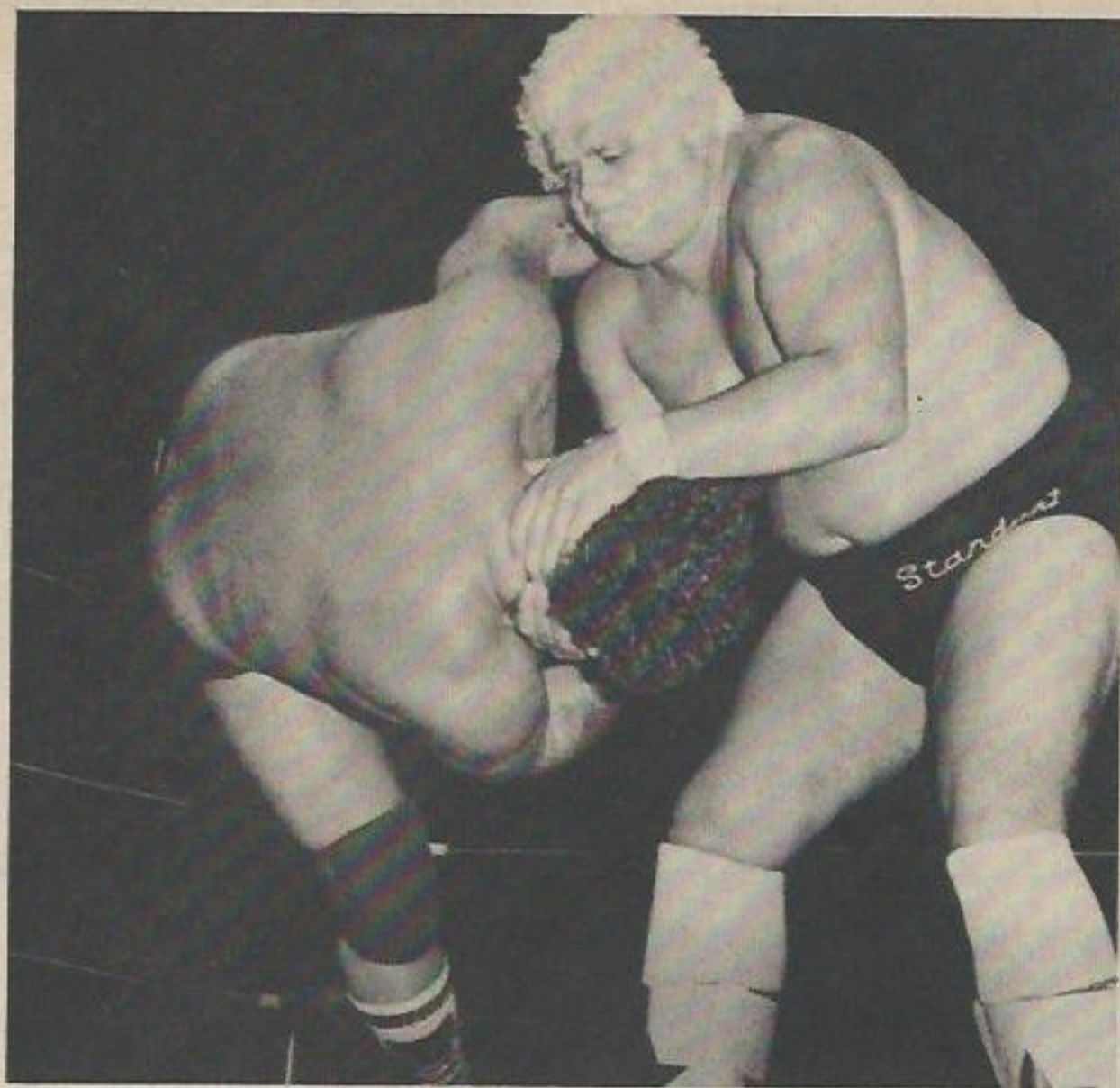
Rhodes was brilliant. As the opening bell sounded, he had full

control, keeping Race at a disadvantage for virtually the entire match.

Even when it seemed as if Race might be launching a definite offensive, Rhodes countered and regained the advantage. Three times Race attacked Rhodes with viciously destructive diving head butts. Three times Rhodes simply

shook them off and continued his own offensive.

Rhodes repelled every attack imaginable. Race tried applying necklocks, piledrivers, even the dreaded brainbuster. Each time the effect was the same: Rhodes was shaken, but always had the heart to recover and quickly push Race further towards ultimate



Shifting his weight forward, Rhodes reverses Race's suplex to his own advantage (right). The American Dream is about to come true once again for Dusty Rhodes as he remains in control, snapmaring Race back to the canvas (above).

annihilation of both himself and his title reign.

The ultimate turning point of the match came precisely 15 minutes and 53 seconds into the match.

After withstanding a few of Race's piledrivers, Dusty reversed the offensive, flooring Race and quickly stunning him with an enormously destructive series of bionic elbowsmashes.

With Race on the mat and groggy in the middle of the ring, Rhodes proceeded to make his way outside the ropes to the ring apron, where he climbed to the top turnbuckle. As the crowd shouted its approval in a frenzy of climactic excitement, Race groggily stood and faced his opponent, who executed a perfect flying bodypress. Pandemonium broke loose as the bell sounded, and a new WBA heavyweight champion reigned.

"Absolutely astounding," remarked Mike Fender, another fan who had witnessed Rhodes'

awesome victory. "If there was ever a more perfect match anywhere at any time, I sure don't know about it. And that flying bodypress, hell, even Mil Mascaras would have been proud of Dusty tonight!"

National Wrestling Alliance President Jim Crockett was proud of Dusty, too.

"I'm very pleased to see a man of such high ability as Dusty Rhodes claim the NWA title," Crockett said. "I'm sure he will be even more of an asset to the NWA than he has been in the past, and I look forward to his title reign. But by the same token, I think it will not be an easy one. When you're the champ, everyone wants a shot at you. I sure wouldn't write off Harley Race, either. After all, he's proven before that he can regain the title shortly after losing it, so I would say he's a definite factor for the near future."

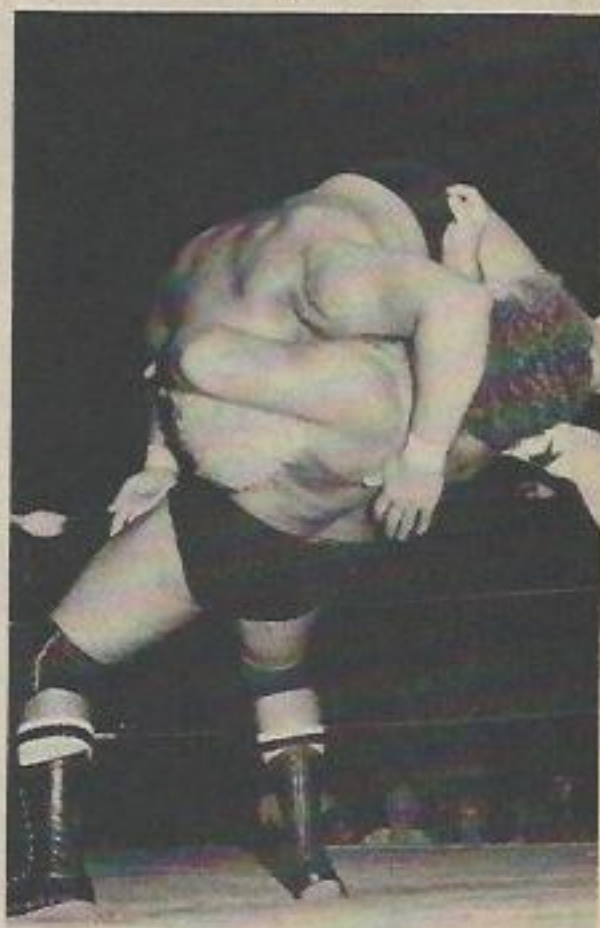
Dusty, of course, was swamped by reporters following the match. It was not too much for him to

handle, though, because he had a lot to say.

"I was amazing, I did it!" hollered Rhodes as he held the NWA belt high over his head. "I took a champion like Harley and put him in his place! I showed him what I'm made of, and he's gonna remember it for a long time!"

Soon, though, Dusty relaxed a little bit and considered the immediate future.

"I'm not quite sure where I'll go from here," he reflected. "I suspect some challengers will have to be taken care of. I'm not too worried about being able to fulfill the duties of champ, I've had to do that before. But at the same time, being NWA titleholder is a responsibility I do not take lightly."



"Tonight, though, it's time for celebration!" cried Rhodes, his face breaking into a wide grin once again. "There's a new champ, and it's me, and I'm going out to let the whole town know it . . . anyone who's with me, let's go!"

So the press conference broke up with most of those attending following Dusty into downtown Atlanta for what would promise to be a long celebration. A new NWA champ reigns, and for all we know, they could still be dancing in the streets of Georgia. □

Letters To Kevin Sullivan



In the ring, Kevin Sullivan goes out of his way to be brutal. He'd rather be cruel than loved and he'd rather cripple than win. Even so, the letters pour into our office praising him. We simply cannot understand it. Perhaps you can

WHY HE'S THE MOST POPULAR RULEBREAKER IN WRESTLING

RARELY IN THE history of this magazine have we seen such an outpouring of mail for any one wrestler. What makes such overwhelming fan support of Kevin Sullivan even more astounding is his recent conversion from scientific wrestler to rulebreaker. Rather than being critical of Sullivan for the change, many fans who never held strong feelings for Sullivan before have expressed enthusiasm for his new found methods, and expressing harsh disapproval for one of Sullivan's most outspoken detractors, Mr. Wrestling II.

We present here a sampling of the tremendous reaction Kevin Sullivan has received in recent weeks.

"I would like to say that I've been waiting a long time for somebody to give Kevin Sullivan the credit he deserves.

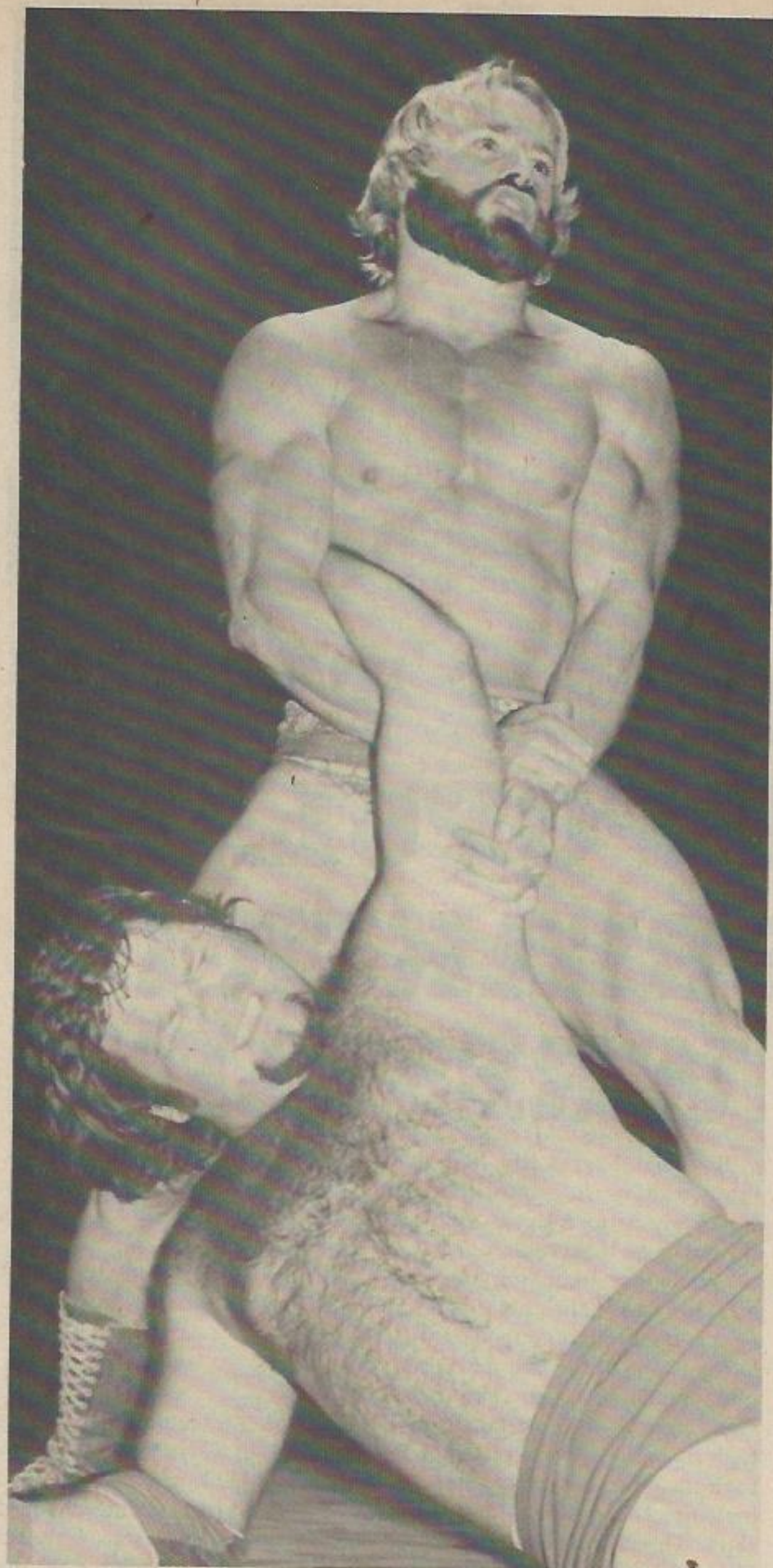
"While everybody is crying over how his personality has changed, people tend to ignore the fact that Kevin is one of the best-developed body-builders today. The time, sweat, energy, and determination it took to achieve such a physique in such a short span of time is incredible! And take a look at his skills! The same wrestling skills he established as a scientific wrestler are still with him today. The skills that got 'wrestlers to praise him

and fans to love him' are still his.

"Give credit where credit is most certainly due. The Boston Battler deserves it."

JO JO BACA
Raton, NM

"I take exception to those criticisms of Kevin Sullivan by Mr. Wrestling II. Kevin has, by hard work and great talent, changed himself into a superstar. I always found him attractive, but now, my God, he is incredible! He has fans by the hundreds here who hope he



Sullivan, his newly defined muscles bulging, applies a figure-four armbar on Jerry Lawler.

comes back to wrestle for the championship.

"When Kevin stopped worrying about the fans, he got a whole new bunch of them. We are more loyal, more fanatical than those goody-two-shoe types who fawn over colorless and dull wrestlers. We like fire and controversy and action. Couple that with handsomeness and a gorgeous body and you've got a superstar on your hands—Kevin Sullivan."

BETH ROSENFELD
Kew Gardens, NY

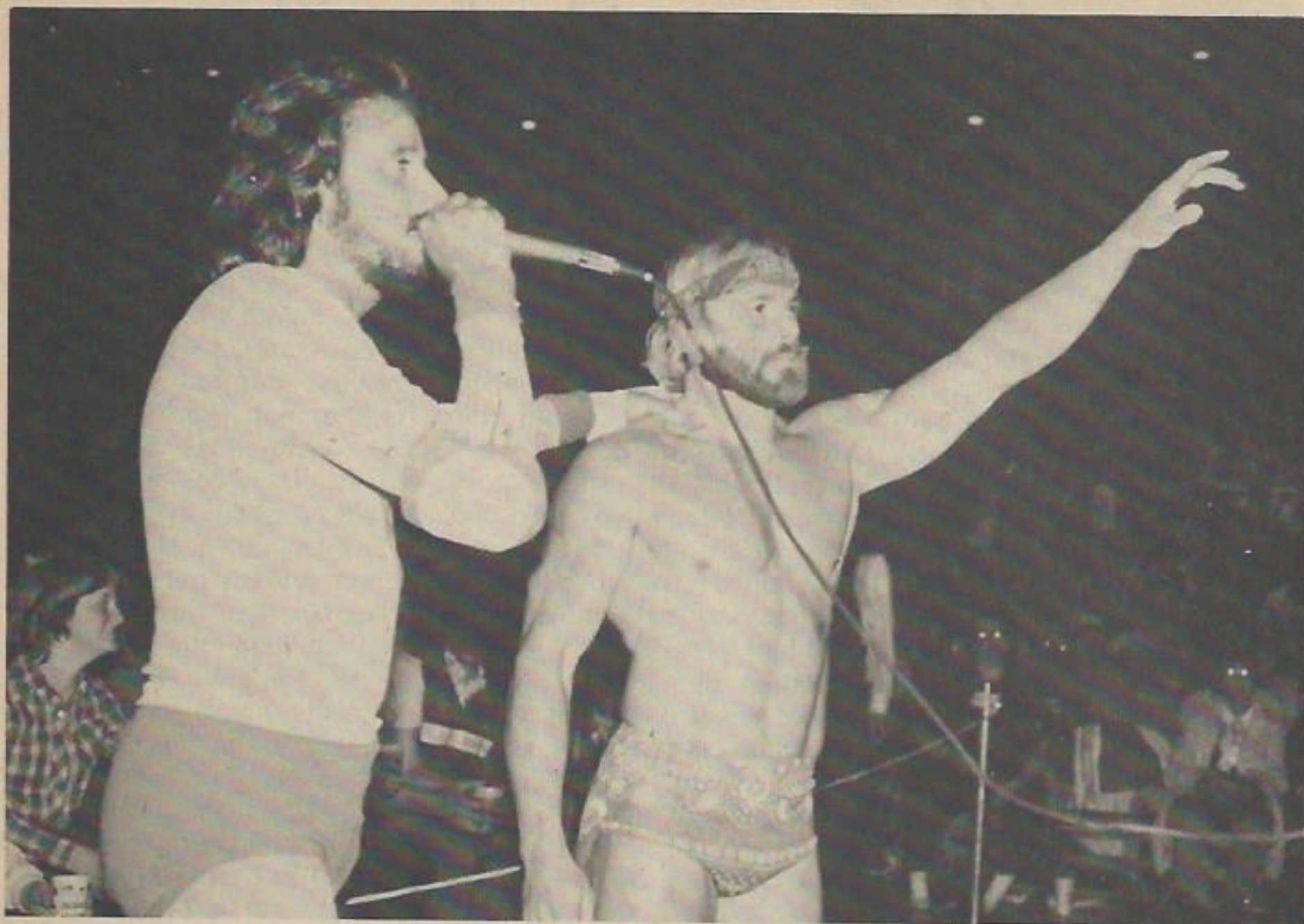
"The most devastating hold in wrestling today is Kevin Sullivan's elbowsmash. With his newly found power-packed body, Sullivan puts 110 percent more into that maneuver. You can see the extreme pain and agony on his opponents'



The response to Sullivan's new approach to wrestling (and life in general) has been staggering. (Above) Sullivan traps Lawler in a bearhug.

faces—they probably wished they had not climbed into the ring. I suspect fewer and fewer will sign on as the reputation of that brutal hold spreads.

"My respect for Kevin as a wrestler—irrespective of what magazines describe as an ego larger than life—has grown, and I have come to believe he deserves all the



attention and praise he demands, villain or hero. Kevin Sullivan will have fewer opponents, not because they are disgusted, but because they are afraid of that hold."

PAUL OERDMAN
St. Paul, MN

"What an outrageous statement by Mr. Wrestling II regarding Kevin Sullivan. The only ego problem is II's. Kevin is indeed bigger than life, has expanded coverage of his career, has touched the secret desires of thousands of female fans with that fantastic body, and has separated himself from lowly clods like II who will never reach the heights of devotion and worship that Kevin is now acquiring.

"Kevin: keep strutting, posing, devastating—we love you. Your ego is great!"

BARB WORTHUR
Lehigh Valley, PA

(Continued on page 64)

Jimmy Hart tells the world of his wrestler's future plans (above). Kevin has become boastful, brash, arrogant—and many people love him that much more for his new attitude. Sullivan chokes Lawler along the turnbuckles (below).



Flair vs. Patera

KEN PATERA REMEMBERS a day many years ago when his father gave him a valuable piece of advice. They are words that have been etched in his memory since the day they were first uttered, and they have helped guide his life and career ever since.

"Son," the elder Patera said, "always remember that if you want something bad enough, there are going to be others who want it as much as you . . . maybe more. A lot of those people are going to do their damndest to stand in your way.

"Whatever you do," he continued, "don't let them stop you. They may slow you down some, but never let them prevent you from achieving your goals. As long as you know that you're better than everyone else in this world, you'll always get what you want."

Ken Patera knows that he is better than any wrestler in the Mid-Atlantic region, perhaps better than any wrestler in the country. So when he decided to wage war on the Mid-Atlantic wrestling community, he meant business all the way. So did Ric Flair, the one man upon whose

shoulders rested the awesome responsibility of halting Patera dead in his tracks.

"Ken's a good wrestler," admitted Flair just prior to his match against Patera in Richmond, Virginia, "but his ego is greater than his ability in the ring. He was strong when he picked up the Missouri title from Kevin Von Erich a while back. But he's in the big leagues now, and I don't think he knows what he's gotten himself into. He's gonna have a lot of trouble tonight, and I'm the guy to give it to him."

Patera didn't seem worried about any trouble Flair might give him. If anything, he was very confident . . . perhaps overconfident.

"I've proven time and again how great a wrestler I am," he said. "That jackass Flair is just too dumb and stupid to admit what everyone else around these parts has known for years: that Ken Patera is the best of the best! Everyone down in Atlanta knows it, and everyone in the WWF knows it. And when I'm through here tonight, Ric Flair is gonna know it, too."

The fans sure weren't ready to acknowledge that Patera is the best. The crowd was clearly on Flair's side as the two grapplers entered the ring. Indeed, security men on the scene feared trouble from the raucous crowd when the ring announcer introduced Patera. As the match got underway, however, the fans settled down to watch what they hoped would be a rout by Flair.

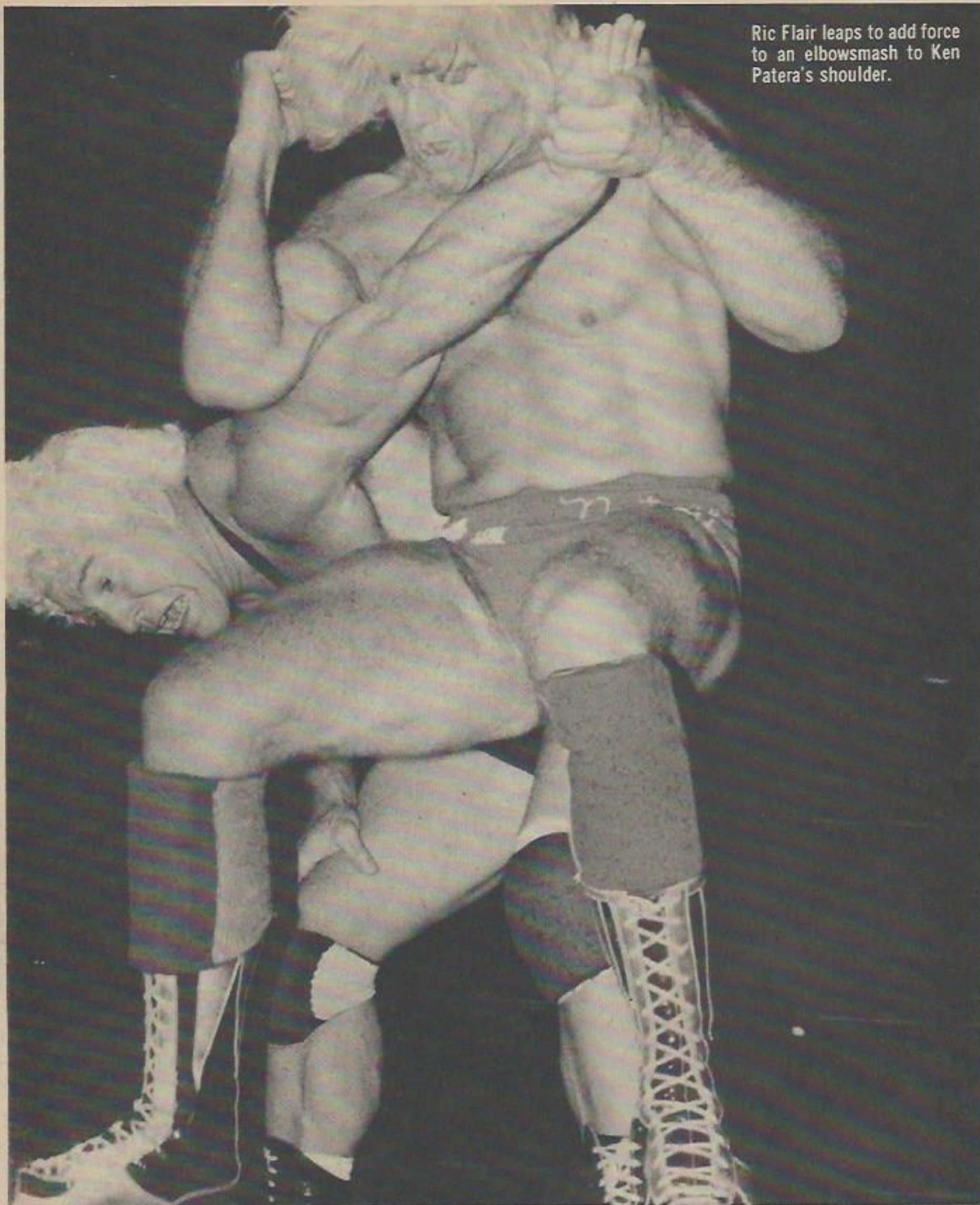
Early minutes of the match demonstrated a general caution on the part of both wrestlers. Each circled the other like hawks preparing for the kill; both attempting to figure out the other's weak spots.

Suddenly, Patera locked onto Flair's arm, hurling him to the mat in a crushing display of brutal offensiveness. As Patera prepared to pounce upon his opponent, Flair quickly rolled out of the way, springing to his feet as he avoided Patera's intended death-blows.

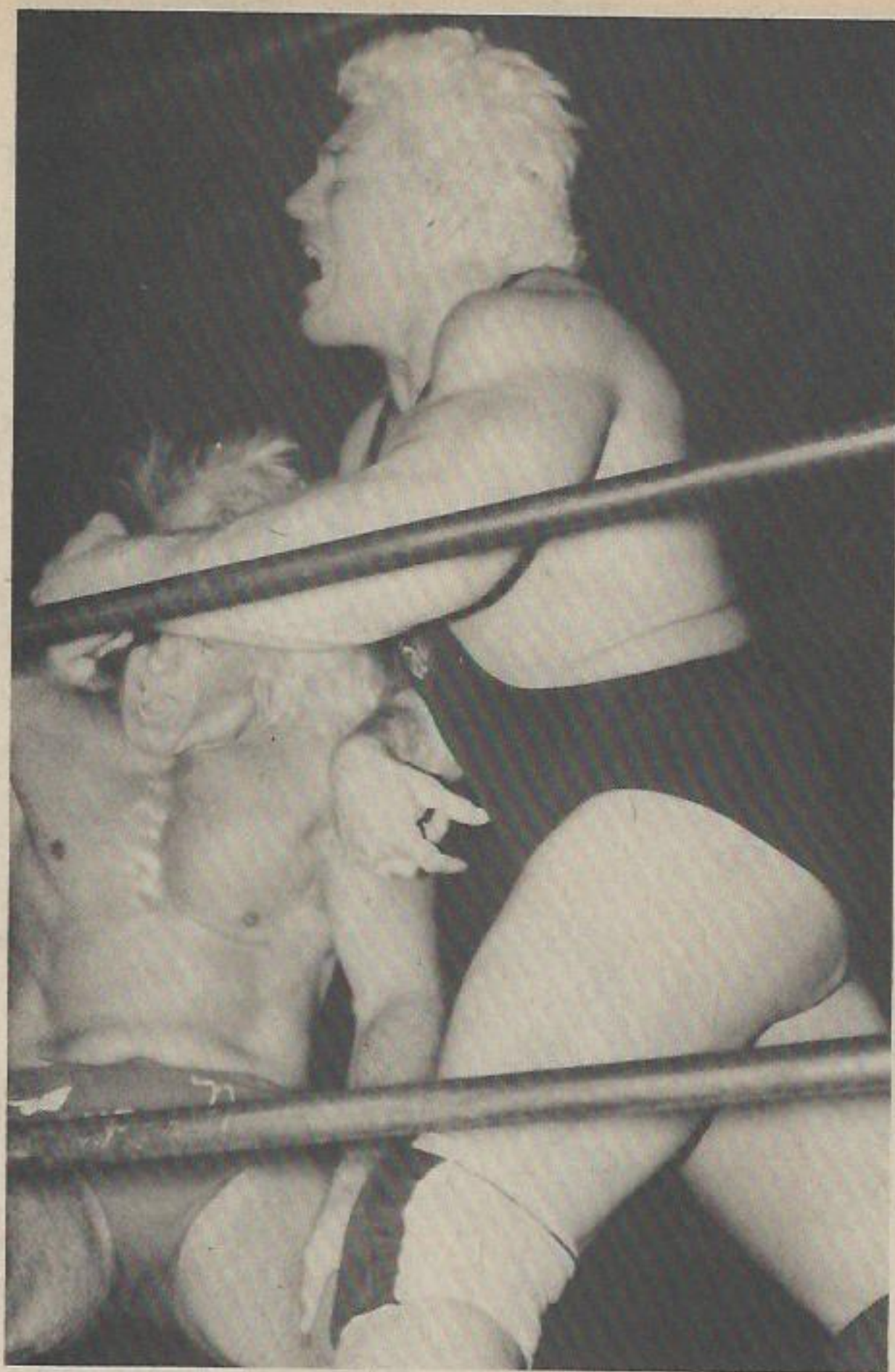
Flair quickly gained the upper hand, catapulting Patera against the ropes and ultimately onto the mat. But as Flair prepared to administer the painful figure-four leglock,

THE ONE-NIGHT INVASION OF MID-ATLANTIC WRESTLING

Ric Flair leaps to add force to an elbowsmash to Ken Patera's shoulder.



Like a general planning an assault on a vulnerable city, Ken Patera looked over the Mid-Atlantic area and prepared his invasion. But instead of meeting no resistance, Patera was forced to wrestle against a strong defender of wrestling morality named Ric Flair. The invasion soon became a retreat



Patera stuns Flair with a right forearm to the side of his head (above). Flair, the eventual winner by disqualification, fires a right to Patera's side (above right).

Patera narrowly escaped.

The perpetual see-saw nature of the match resulted in a time limit draw. But as Flair turned to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd, Patera whirled around and downed Flair with his shattering swinging neckbreaker. Flair collapsed to the mat, and the referee immediately disqualified Patera.

"It was an obvious violation of wrestling protocol," the ref stated afterwards. "The

swinging neckbreaker, as far as I'm concerned, is a questionable move to begin with. But to apply it after the bell has rung is inexcusable."

"Payoff!" accused Ken Patera. "That sleaze Flair paid off the ref to disqualify me! There's no way he should have changed his decision after the bell. I don't care what happened! I've seen payoffs like this before, and it's happened to me before. Seems that

everyone is afraid to face me on even terms, so they have to bribe the ref to have me disqualified!"

Ric Flair obviously did not agree. "The match was over, the bell had rung," he said. "What kind of coward does a thing like that after the bell? Ken Patera, that's what kind of coward! He deserves to be disqualified from wrestling altogether!"

As always, though, Patera harkened back to those words of so many years ago. Once again, his father's voice rang in his ears as he swore vengeance against Flair.

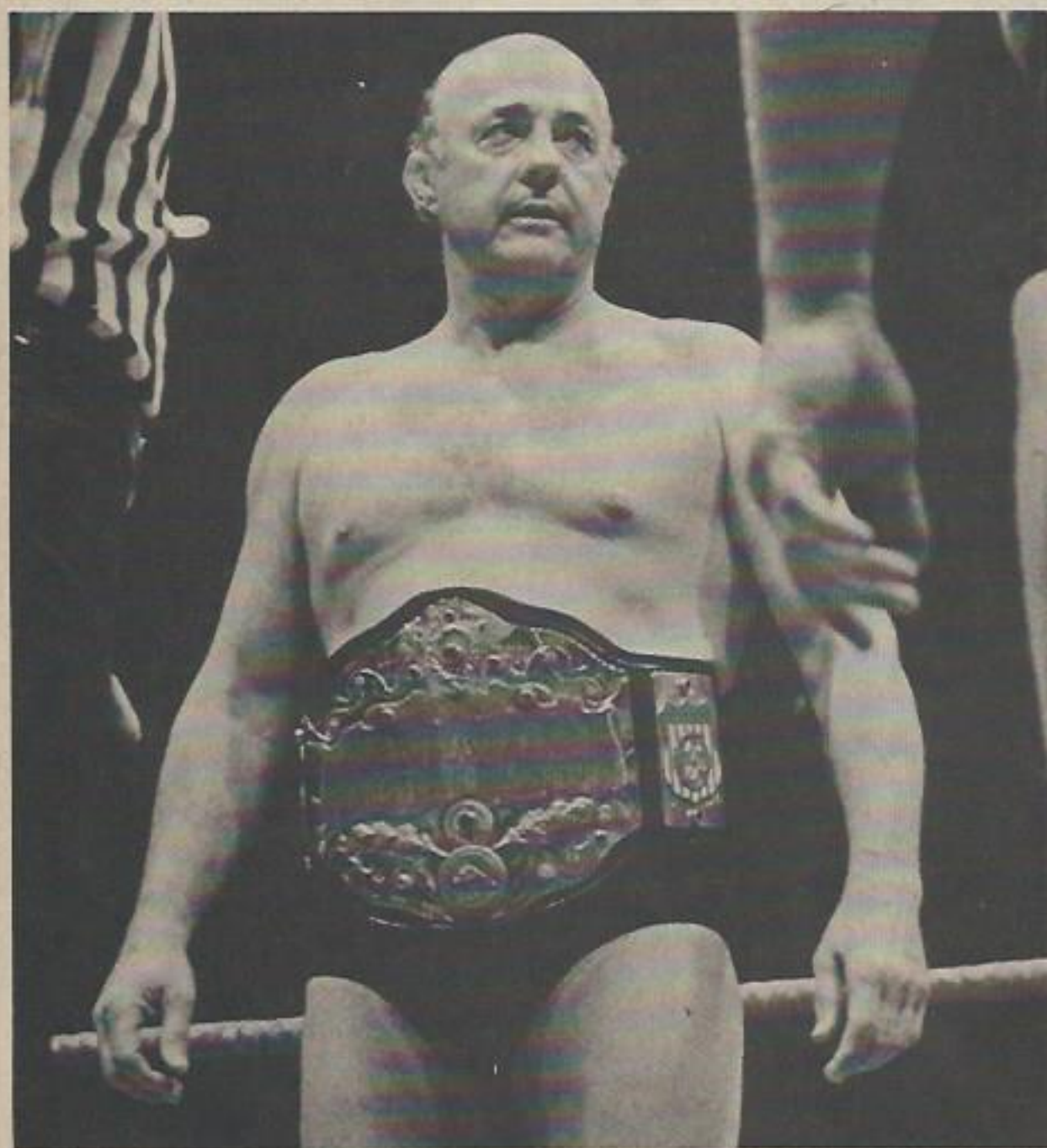


"Ric Flair may think he's stopped me," cried Patera, "but at best he's only slowed me down. I declare, here and now, that I am better than Flair, I am better than anyone in the Mid-Atlantic or the WWF or anywhere. But if this is how they play here in the Mid-Atlantic, they can shove it. I'm leaving this place to its pansy cowards like Flair and its paid-off referees."

When he heard the news that Patera had departed, Ric Flair laughed. "The guy comes into an area for one night," Flair says, "and leaves with his tail between his legs. And he calls me a coward?" □

Verne Gagne's Last Match

CAN THE AWA SURVIVE WITHOUT HIM?



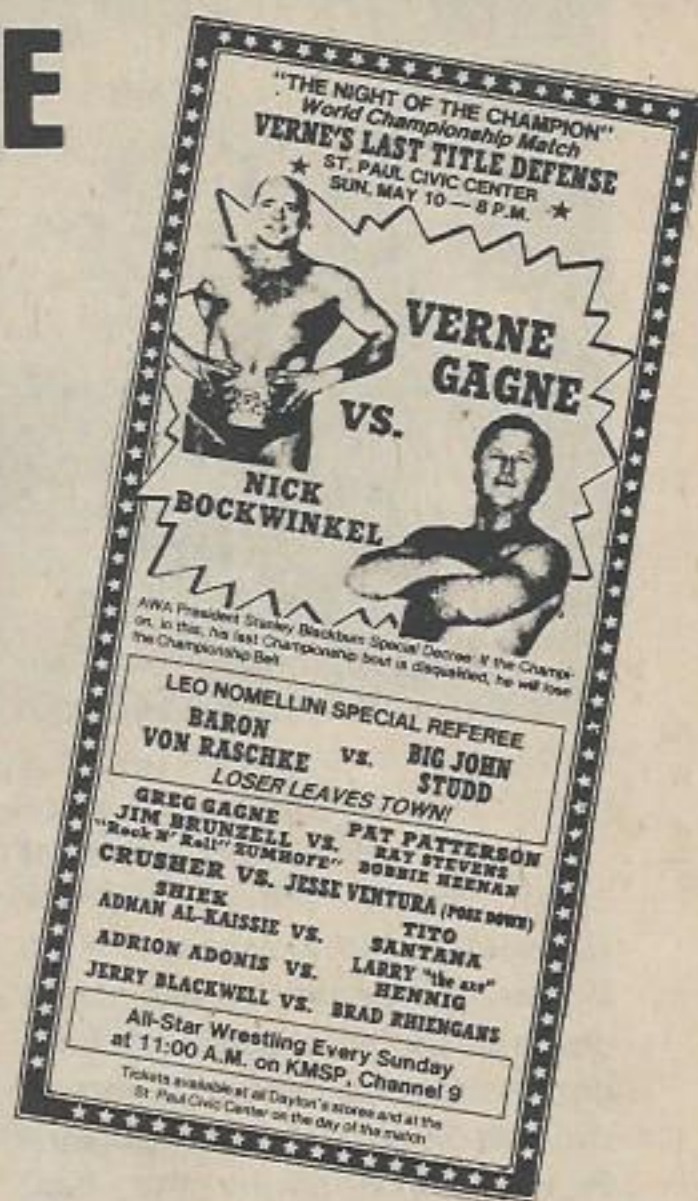
HE HELD THE AWA title for the better part of nearly 25 years. He's been referred to as "wrestling's grand old man" and "a legend in his own time." His name is Verne Gagne, and when he decided to retire from wrestling, he did so with

impeccable style and grace.

Verne's career is wrestling legend. The AWA belt might just as easily have been designated "Verne's belt." Like everyone else, Verne was human; he lost a match once in a while, but always bounced back im-

Although he is officially retired, Verne Gagne's legend lives on. And in this, his final match, he showed the world he was not forced to leave because his skills had diminished. The greatness remains

PHOTOS BY BOB RUIZ



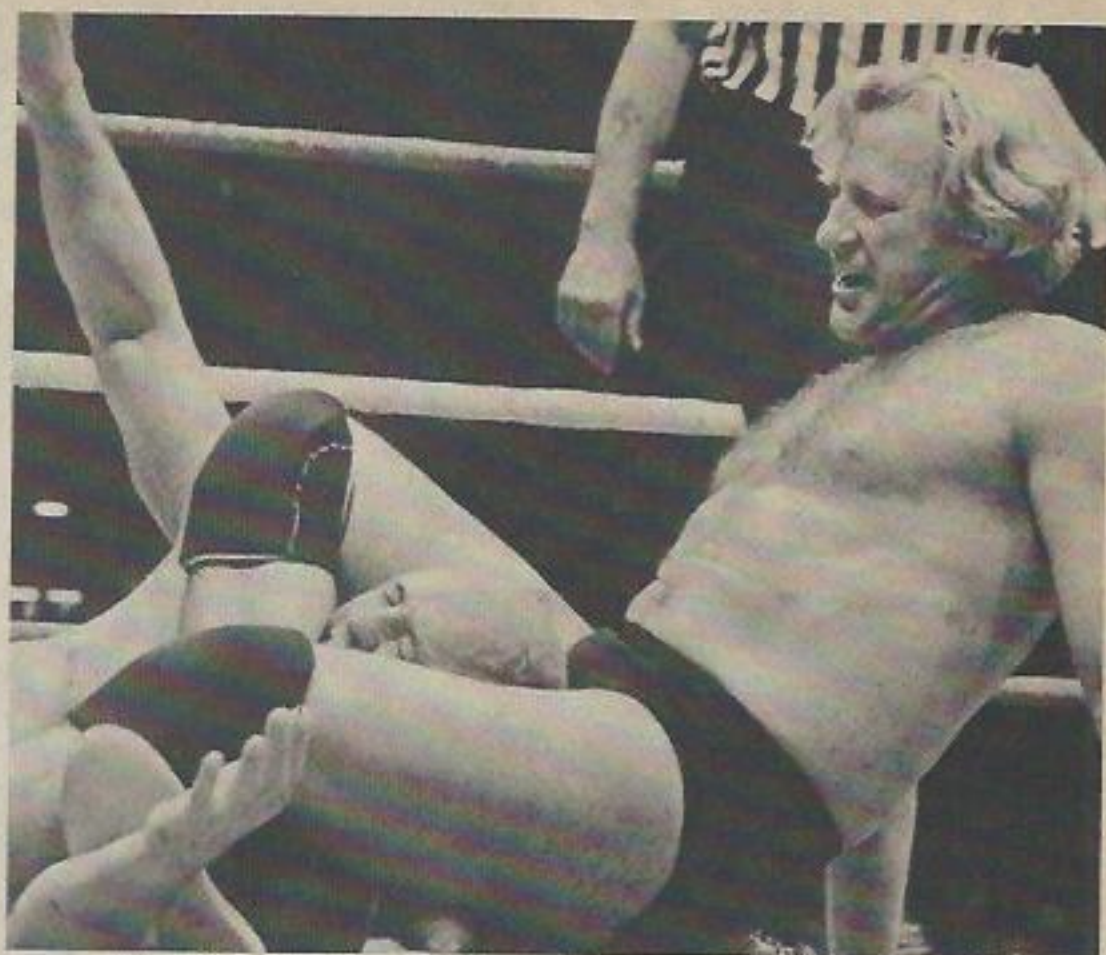
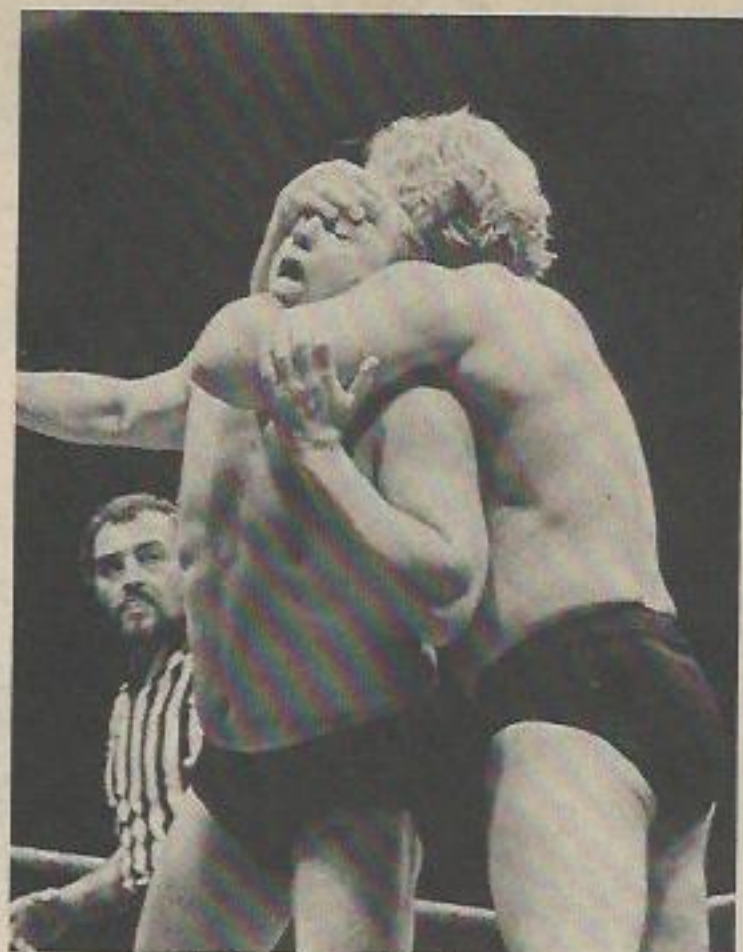
An intense stare from the AWA champion before his final title defense.

mediately to regain the title. Except when Nick Bockwinkel launched his successful bid for the AWA belt.

Bockwinkel held the title for about four years, until last July, when Gagne dethroned him and regained the crown.

If Verne was to retire, then one final defense of the AWA championship would have to be made. Appropriately, the date was set at May 10, 1981: Verne's 55th birthday and the 32nd anniversary of his professional wrestling debut.

"I thought it was a pretty



Nick Bockwinkel applies his latest pet hold, the Japanese sleeper (above left). Gagne broke free, but Bockwinkel maintains the upper hand (above right and below). Gagne, unquestionably one of the legends of the sport, uses a split-legged ankle twist to take the advantage (opposite right).

classy way to bow out," said Verne. "To leave on the same day as I came in seemed like a good idea, and if I could defend the belt one final time, I figured it would make about the best birthday present for myself I could think of."

Who better to defend his belt against than former titleholder Nick Bockwinkel? It was set, Gagne against Bockwinkel. Under a special ruling, it was decided that if Verne was disqualified or held to a draw, he would have to forfeit the belt. It was, more than any other time in his lengthy career, the ultimate all-or-nothing match.

"I was under some pressure," Verne admitted, "but with my skill and experience, I wasn't really worried. I think Bockwinkel had some second thoughts, though."

That he did. Unwilling just to face Gagne and his famed sleeperhold, Bockwinkel left for Japan last winter and returned with his own version of the hold dubbed the "Japanese Sleeper."

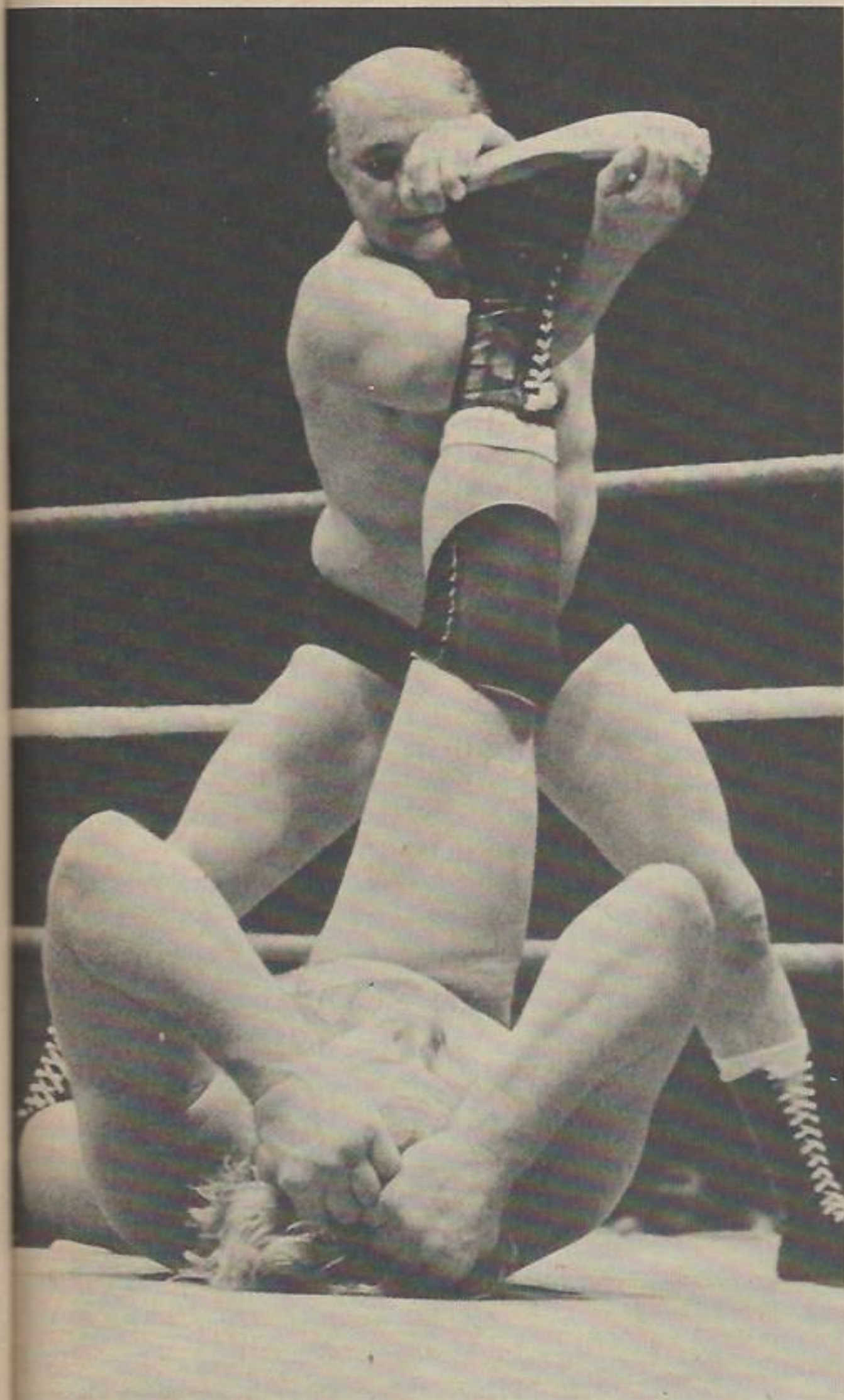
Twenty-one minutes into the



match, neither established a clear advantage, though each man had been weakened by the tremendous pace. Suddenly, the champion made his move. A blistering backdrop caught Bockwinkel off guard, knocking the wind out of him. Gagne followed up with a series of lightning quick maneuvers to take the victory. The crowd rose respectfully as Gagne was handed back his belt for the last time.

"I felt pretty good in there," Gagne said following his historic victory. "I caught a wicked piledriver tonight, though, and my neck is pretty sore. I really should get home and rest it, but I think I'll stay here for a while."

The sweat-soaked champion, obviously overcome with emotion, was asked if his ability and timing had changed over the years. Was it all still there, or had part of the Gagne legend faded into the mists of time?



myself a lot more. In the old days, I could charge in like a bat out of hell and go top speed all night. Time comes when you just can't do that anymore."

Verne Gagne recognizes his own mortality. He knew he would eventually have to leave the sport he so dearly loves, and he wanted to do it while still on top.

Instead of a tournament to decide a new champion, however, AWA president Stanley Blackburn has turned the title over to Bockwinkel, the number-one contender. And while fans and wrestlers alike have protested this controversial decision, Bockwinkel feels the belt has been returned to its rightful owner.

"Sure, I think it's great," said Nick. "I wore the belt for over four years, and then had it cheated away by the old man. Seems they said that after my match with Gagne, it would take too long to work through a series of matches to decide who would finally hold the title... About six months or so. You can't have half a year without a champ, and since I would have won the title anyway, here I am!"

There were 16,000 wrestling fans in St. Paul that night. They were all fortunate witnesses to a particularly special event. For many, it was the end of an era, the sad goodbye to an American institution. Many of these fans grew up with Gagne, sharing his victories, and agonizing over his occasional defeats. Many of these fans have young sons or daughters who have also grown to love and respect a man whose skill and courtesy both in and out of the ring remain unparalleled.

The retirement of Verne Gagne leaves a massive void in the world of wrestling. We shall all miss him. □

"Well, there's no question that the old skills are ebbing," Gagne said, drying his misty eyes. "There was a time when my dropkick was unbeatable... the best in the business. Yeah, it was still there, but that old edge wasn't. You know what I'm talking about? It's that extra

something that made me sure of winning easily in the old days. Don't get me wrong, I was sure of winning tonight. It's just that you have to work for them a little more each year."

"I guess it boils down to stamina," Gagne concluded. "These days, I've had to pace

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WHAT'S HAPPENING

(Continued from Page 8)

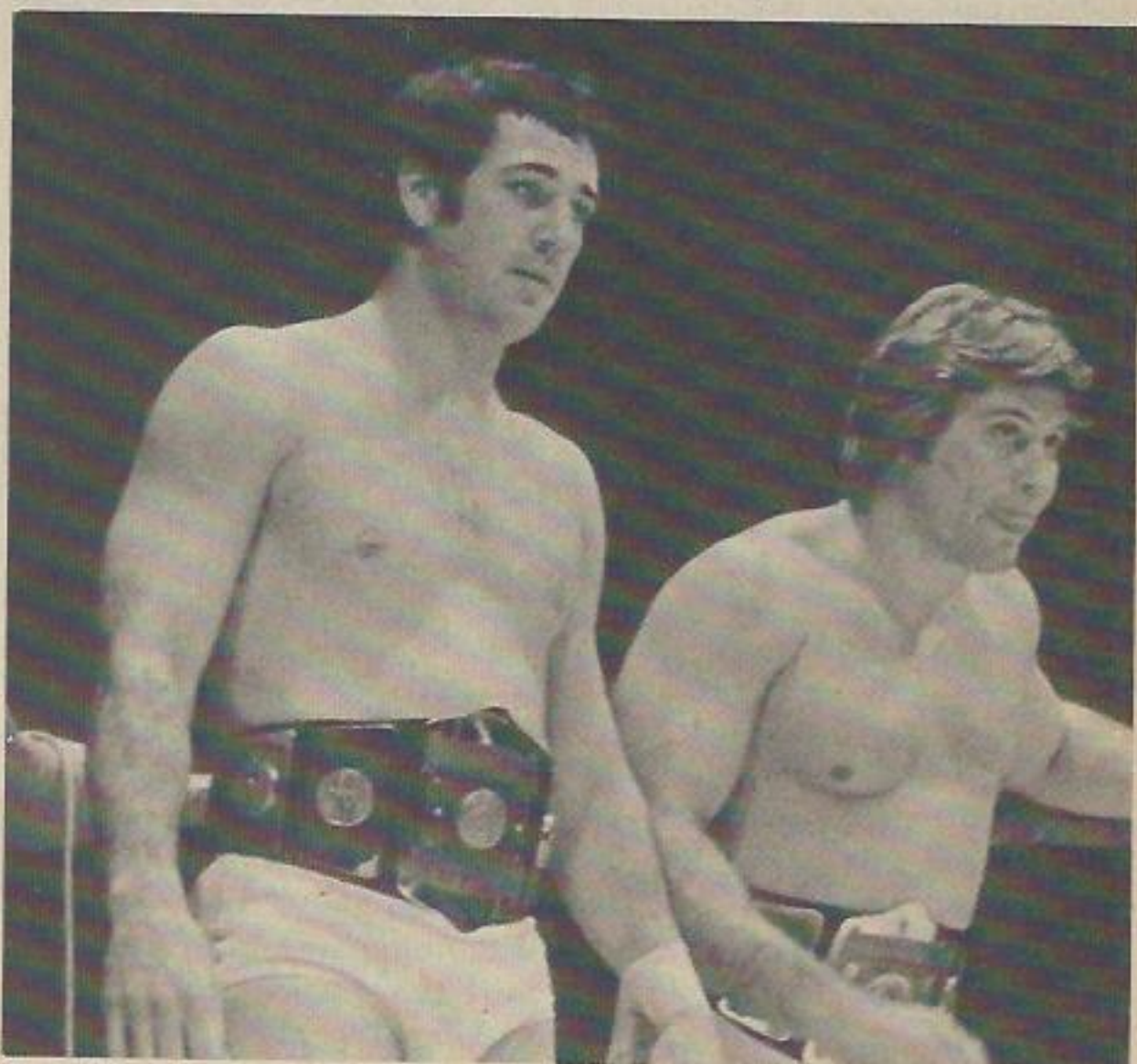
referee, knocking him unconscious. Pedro went over to try and revive him. Muraco took advantage of Pedro's good nature and attacked him while he was helping the hurt official. By the time the referee came to his senses, Pedro had been fouled repeatedly and was easy prey for Muraco.

The Samoans chalked up a victory over Dick Murdoch and Junkyard Dog to take the Mid-South tag team belts. The wild Samoan team is now being advised by Ernie Ladd. When Ladd had his wrestling license suspended in the Mid-South region for repeated infractions against commission by-laws, he got himself a temporary manager's license. "I really put one over on the officials in this territory!" Ladd gleamed.

The Bounty Hunters and manager Jim Kent are making life miserable for scientific

wrestlers in Florida . . . Lord Al Hays now manages Mid-Atlantic tag team champions Chris Markoff and Nikolai Volkoff . . . The Assassins are the new Florida tag team champions after taking the belts in a one-night tournament. Mike Graham and Steve Keirn had their titles stripped by the Florida wrestling authorities when an injury by Keirn prevented them from defending the belts.

If you don't already know, Greg Gagne and Jim Brunzell are proudly wearing the AWA tag team belts. Former tag team kings Jesse Ventura and Adrian Adonis have vowed to get them back no matter how they have to do it! . . . A new team has formed in the Mid-Atlantic consisting of Austin Idol and "Handsome" Jimmy Valiant. "It's truly a dream team!" Valiant says.



The "High Flyers," Greg Gagne and Jim Brunzell have won the AWA tag team belts from Adrian Adonis and Jesse Ventura. Greg and Jim have held the title before and hope to make this reign their best yet.

Referee Scrappy McGowan was sidelined for a short period of time after he was piledrived by a fuming Dory Funk Jr. "That little punk referee always calls bad decisions against me," says Funk. "He deserved what I did to him" . . . Scott McGhee is wrestling in the Carolinas . . . Bruno Sammartino Jr. is now wrestling in Georgia with hopes of getting a shot at the state title held by Ken Patera.



Bruno Sammartino Jr. signs an autograph for a lucky fan in Georgia, where he is now wrestling regularly.

Now there are three Moondogs in the WWF: Rex, King, and Spot. And their manager, Captain Lou Albano, has found a loophole in the WWF rulebook that allows any combination of the Moondogs to defend the belts. "Only a genius like me could find a bit of fine print in the WWF rulebook and use it to his advantage!" says the Captain. "I am a genius!"

The junior heavyweight limit, formally 210 pounds, has been lifted to 230 pounds to open up the division to new competitors. Junior heavyweight titleholder Les Thornton says the new limit is a scheme by the NWA to make life tougher for him. "With so much more competition, I will be defending my title much more often," Thornton says. "But I will never tire. I am a great champion and will go on proving it."

And that's what's happening! See you at the matches! □

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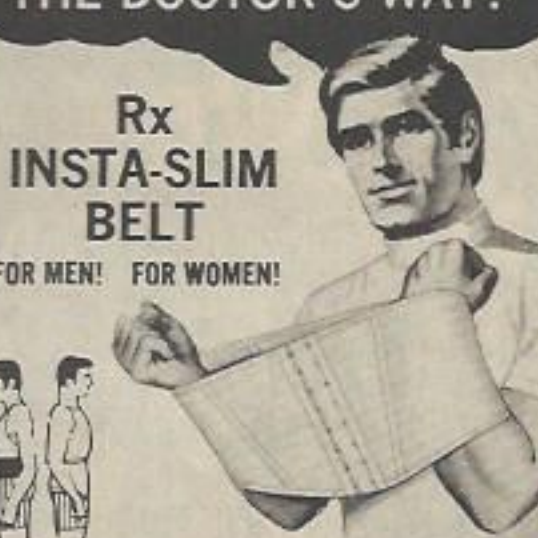


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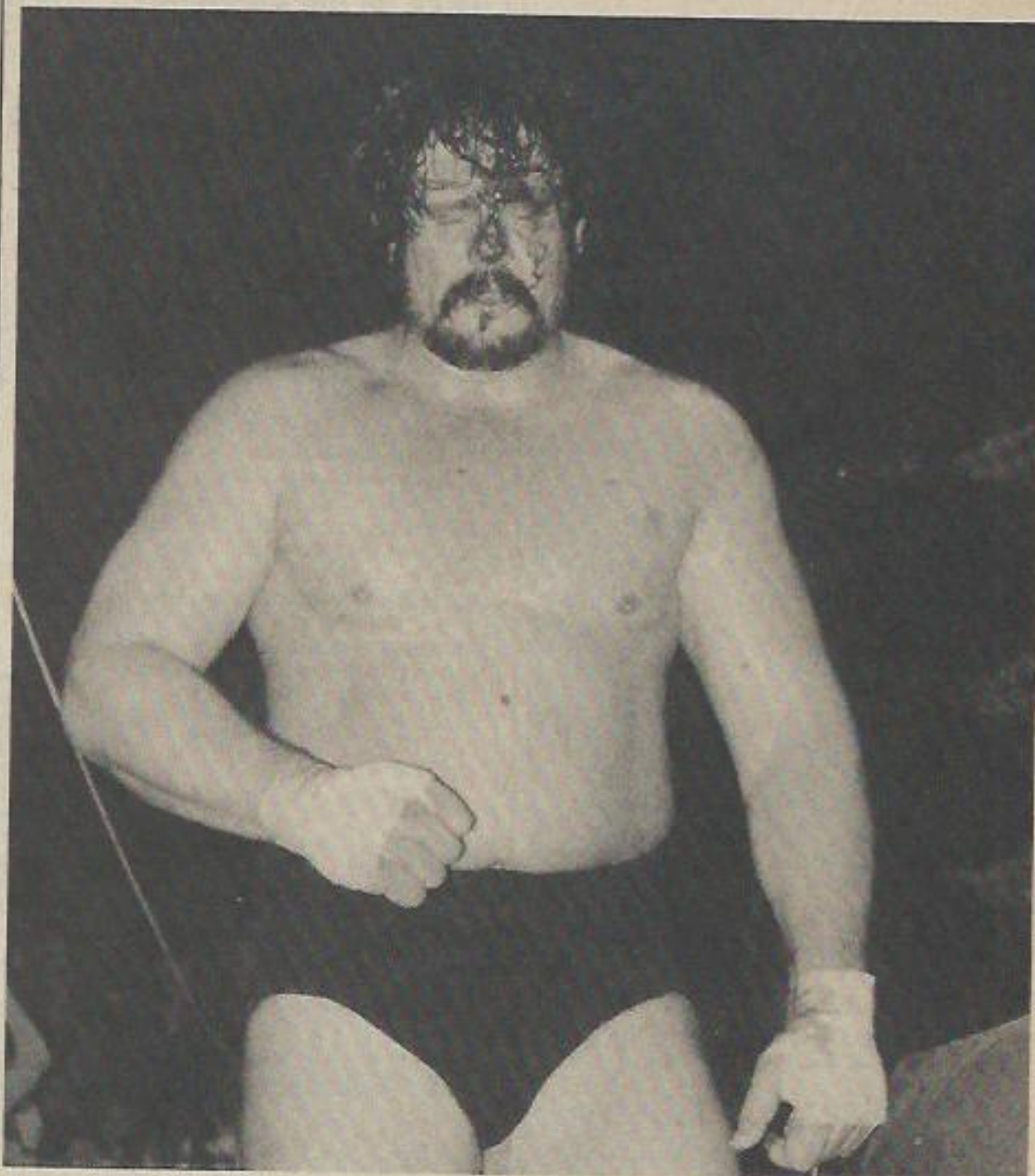


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CORRESPONDENT REPORTS

(Continued from Page 10)



Blackjack Mulligan Sr. (above) and Jr. edged Mongolian Stomper and Super Destroyer by taking the controversial third fall of their match in Fishersville, Virginia.

FISHERSVILLE, VA—Correspondent: Junior Desper—Yet another great card at the Augusta Expo featured Blackjack Mulligan Jr. and Blackjack Mulligan Sr. against Mongolian Stomper and Super Destroyer, in a two out of three falls match. The first two falls split even: one for the Mulligans, one for Stomper and Super D. A disputed and controversial third fall decision went to the Mulligans.

In other bouts: Jim Horner bested Keith Larson . . . Les Thornton was beaten by Terry Taylor . . . Tim Homer bested Tony Russo.

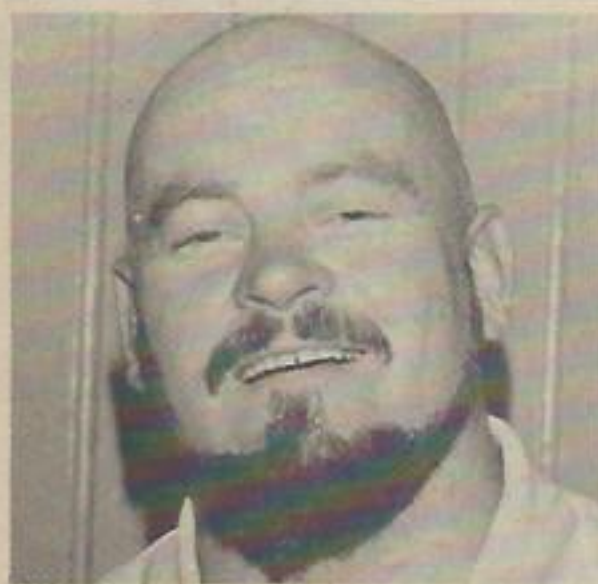
HUNTINGTON, WV—Correspondent: Kurt Kruthoffer—It was another great night of Georgia

Championship Wrestling as Tommy "Wildfire" Rich took on Harley Race for the NWA championship. Rich had control of the bout early until Race threw Rich out of the ring and slammed Rich into the ringpost. Rich climbed back into the ring bringing Race with him and put him in a sleeperhold. After two minutes with Race almost under, the champion elbowed his way out, threw Rich against the ropes and flipped him over the ropes, drawing an automatic disqualification.

In other matches: Ted DiBiase and Mr. Wrestling II downed The Fabulous Freebirds . . . Bruiser Brody demolished Robert Gibson . . . Steve O snuck by Bobby Eaton, using the sleeper along the way. □

THUMBS UP, THUMBS DOWN

(Continued from Page 18)



THUMBS DOWN to Ivan Koloff: The crazed Russian's sweeping campaign of sadistic terrorism in the Mid-Atlantic area must be stopped. Complaints from fans, promoters, and wrestlers have been widespread as Koloff continues his brutal assault on all wrestlers who are so unfortunate as to cross his path.

THUMBS DOWN to Ken Patera: Along with his cohorts in violence, The Freebirds, Ken has vowed to utilize their combined forces toward the common goal of crippling Ted DiBiase. Any combination of four against one exhibits cowardice and is wholly inexcusable.



THUMBS UP to Manny Fernandez: A man of integrity as well as common sense, Fernandez has shown that he can muster the rage and physical prowess necessary to combat any opponent thrown against him. As Fernandez reaches his stride, the House of Humperdink will never be the same.

THUMBS DOWN to Dick Murdoch: His ridiculous feud with Bruiser Brodie can only lead to trouble for each wrestler. Observers can only hope that both wrestlers cease their relentless attacks on each other before both of their careers wind up in tattered ruins.



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CURT HENNIG

(Continued from Page 25)



Curt is greeted by his proud father as he returns to the dressing room after his sensational victory. "The Axe" is as proud of his son as a father could be. And the feeling is mutual.

the hometown fans are the best. When I wrestled Bill Howard in the St. Paul Civic Center they went nuts. I mean the place was packed, and they gave me cheers like I never heard before. I like that, too. It makes me feel good and I wrestle better when I know the fans are out there enjoying themselves."

Eventually, Curt would like to reach the point where he could enter the ring as a tag team with his father.

"Someday," reflected Curt, "I hope we'll be able to get together. Verne Gagne has done a lot to train me, but it's really my Dad that I finally respect and model myself after. It's only natural, isn't it? It's like going into business with your father . . . I think the two of us would make a great team. We'd be the best father and son team in the world."

Larry Hennig feels much the same way toward his son. "I think

we'll get around to it," he said. "Curt is strong, he's good, and best of all he's still on his way up. He'll keep getting stronger and better. The combination of strength and experience that the two of us would bring to the ring would be enough to topple any opponents. I look forward to the day we do it."

So do the fans. Already in Minnesota and the surrounding area, Curt is building a dedicated army of supporters. The word is out: a chip off the Hennig block is off and running and heading to the top. A lot of fans are ready and willing to cheer him all the way.

"I've got to thank the fans," said Curt, "they've been great to me so far. Of course, I haven't been around that long, but I hope they'll stick by me. I'll be doing my best for them. There's no doubt that I'm going places, and if it's excitement they want, they'll be sure to have it as long as I'm around." □

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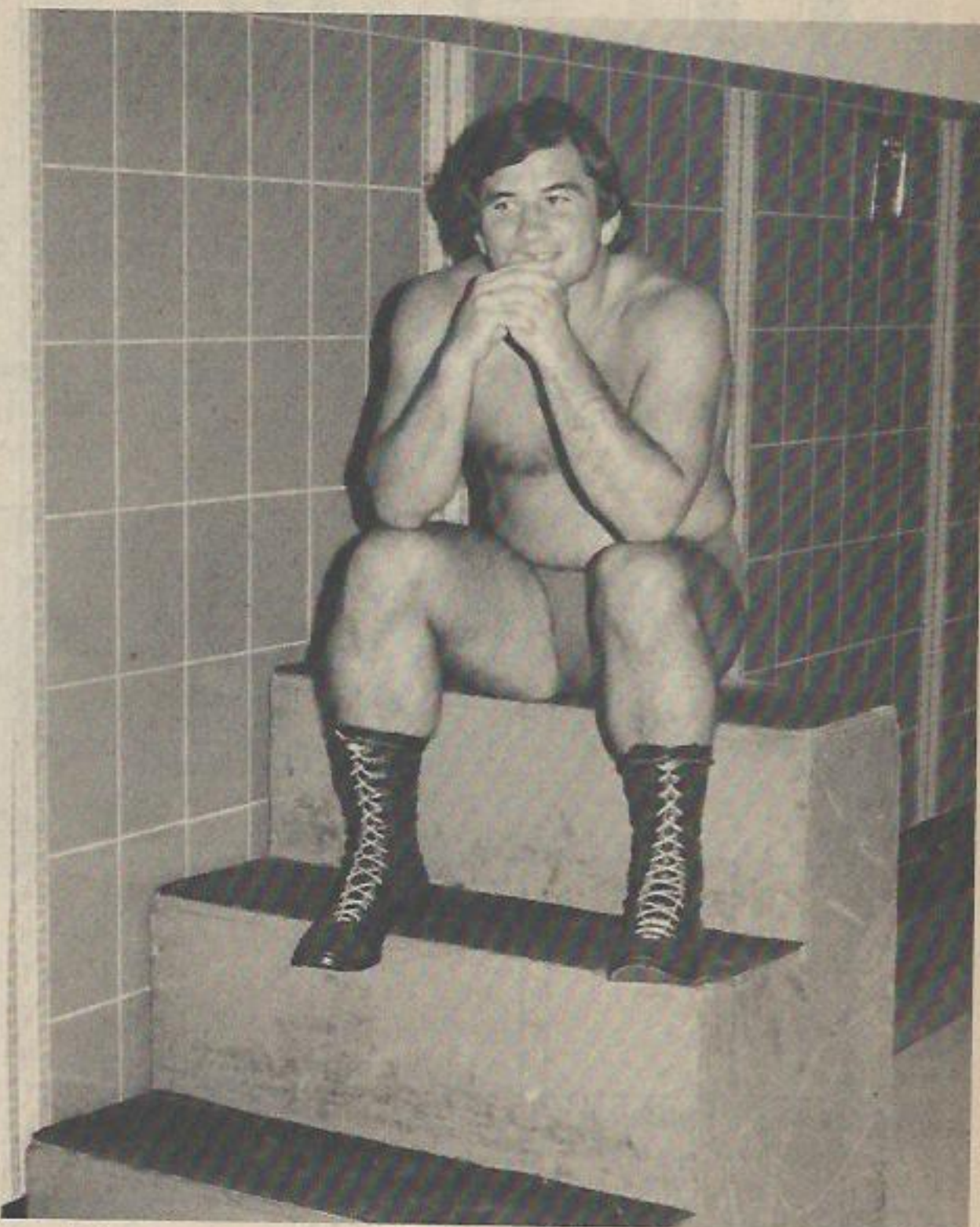
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YOU ASKED US

(Continued from Page 12)



Jerry Brisco, now the proud holder of the Florida junior heavyweight championship, contemplates his future. Jerry wants a title shot at NWA junior champion Les Thornton, and he has asked the fans to help him get that opportunity.

Crimson, Rye, NY

A: After refusing to answer our calls for nearly a week, Patera finally answered this question. "To me, a wimp's a wimp," hissed Patera. "One coward's the same as the next coward. Is there any difference between Howdy Doody Backlund or Tommy Rich? No, a scientific wrestler is the same in every area, a gutless, spineless, ignorant wimp waiting to feel the crushing power of Ken Patera snuff out his miserable existence. That answers your stupid question!"

Q: "How does Jerry Brisco feel now that he's won that Florida junior heavyweight championship?"—Phyllis Tooley, Pompano Beach, FL

A: "Oh, it feels so good," said Brisco. "Anytime I capture a major title, especially one as prestigious as this title, I feel very good and feel the warmth from accomplishment flowing through me. And I want to take this opportunity to thank all my loyal fans who have followed me throughout my career. I want to share this title with them."



King Kong Mosca has very little regard for Bob Backlund and calls the WWF champion an embarrassment to wrestling.

Q: "What does King Kong Mosca think of WWF champion Bob Backlund?"—Jeannie Pritchett, Staten Island, NY

A: "Who? You mean that baby-faced fool?" snickered Mosca. "How can I think anything of him. He embarrasses me. People look at Backlund and think he's a wrestler when he's nothing more than a fool and a baby. I promise you idiots in the WWF that you won't have Backlund around much longer. He can only cheat his way atop the WWF for just so long. Now he's finished because Mosca's gonna take the belt."

Q: "How does Harley Race explain losing his NWA title to Tommy Rich?"—Victoria Needlebaum, Key West, FL

A: "Pure luck, that's it," said Race. "The kid had one lucky night, the first and last lucky night of his life, and he better enjoy that one moment in the sun for a long time 'cause it's the last time he'll ever have this belt." □

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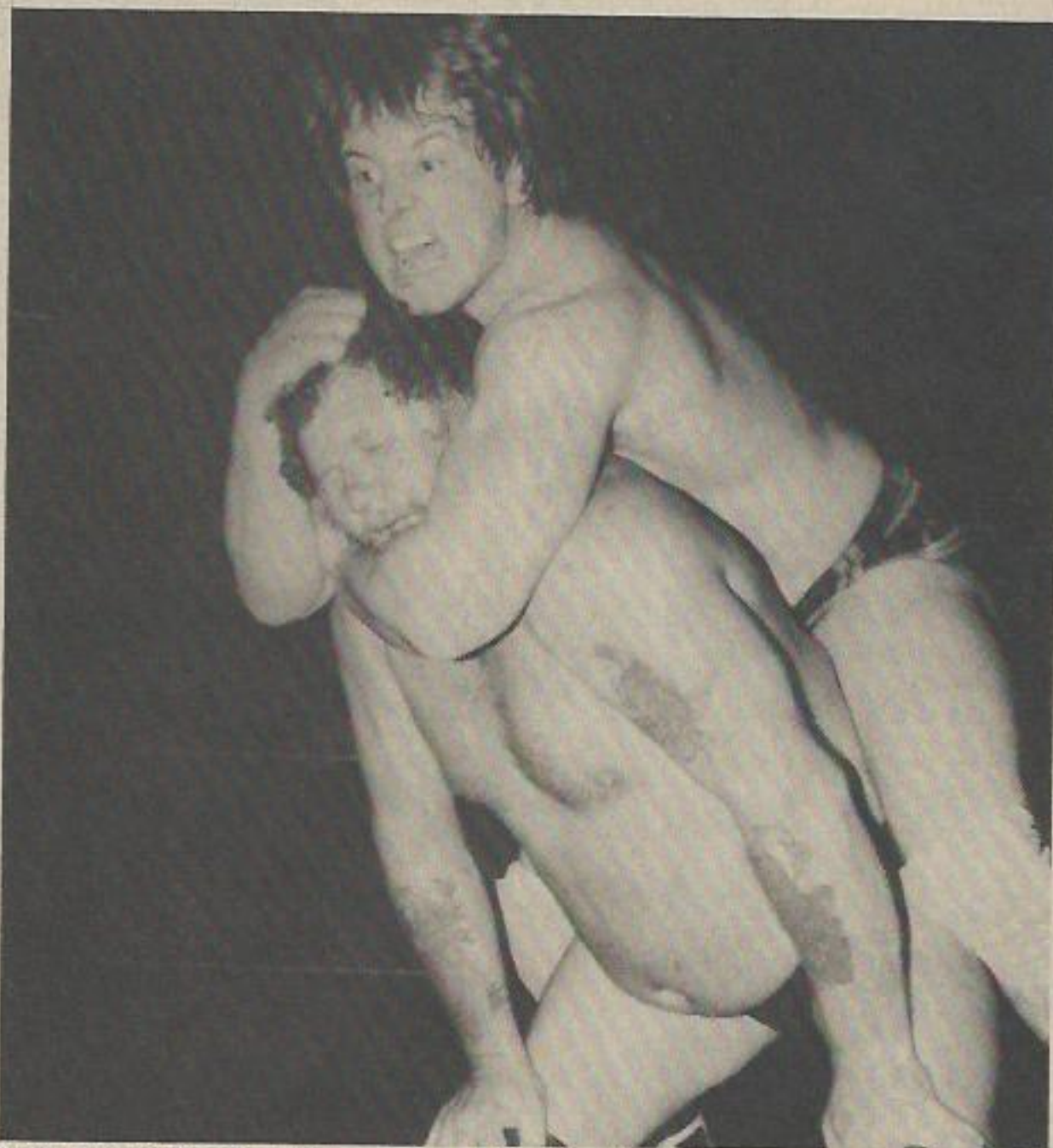
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HARLEY RACE

(Continued from Page 31)



Piper mounts Race's back, applying a sleeperhold. Harley escaped by flipping Piper over his back. Race was eventually disqualified for throwing Piper over the top rope.

was set for five days later in Richmond, Virginia.

"I'm gonna get that Scottish slime Piper into a headlock that'll make his eyes bulge. He'll be in such pain that he's gonna make noises like those freaking bagpipes of his."

I was fortunate to have brought my own car. When it came time a few days later to drive to Richmond for the match, Race was still mad enough to chew sandpaper. I sure didn't want to be in the same car with him, much less in the same ring. I wondered whether or not Piper knew what he had gotten himself into.

About a half hour before the wrestlers were scheduled to square off, I found Roddy Piper's

dressing room. He looked cool and relaxed, and I asked him why he made the comments he did about Race on TV.

"Just look at the record," he replied, "you can see for yourself. Everytime a good contender comes along who looks like he might beat Race, that coward puts his tail between his legs and runs like hell. Actually, I'm more surprised than anyone that he answered my challenge. I couldn't believe he answered as quickly as he did."

The match itself? Well, it was what you would expect when two notorious rulebreakers, fueled by mutual hatred, clash at the height of their fury. Piper's rage was answered by Race's

uncontrollable disgust. When the bell sounded, the ring announcer made it clear to the crowd, now on its feet and screaming wildly, that Harley Race had been disqualified for throwing Piper over the top rope and out of the ring.

"I can't believe the referee called it that way," fumed Race. "It was so obvious what I was going to do. I was gonna toss that crud Piper against the ropes and cripple him as he bounced back to me in the middle of the ring. I had him in the palm of my hand! There's no way he would have survived my deadly onslaught. I think Piper knew that, too, so he went over the top rope on purpose just to escape me. And he talks about cowards?"

Roddy Piper didn't agree. "Cripple me?" he shouted. "That fool Race is so incompetent he even missed the ropes when he tried to throw me into them! Throw me into the ropes? I'll bet he couldn't even *throw up* if he tried! He deserved to be disqualified, not for the top rope rule, but for impersonating a wrestler!"

I left Piper, Race, the arguing fans, and the whole state of Virginia behind me. It was late, and though I never finished the interview I was sent here to do, I did get a good story in the bargain. Heading north through Delaware, I wondered when the rematch would be, and whether Race could avenge his disqualification. I knew the day of reckoning would come soon, and as my car decided to deposit one of its fan belts on the highway, 30 miles from nowhere, I cursed my hometown mechanic and prayed that somebody else—anybody else—would be sent to cover the inevitable rematch. □

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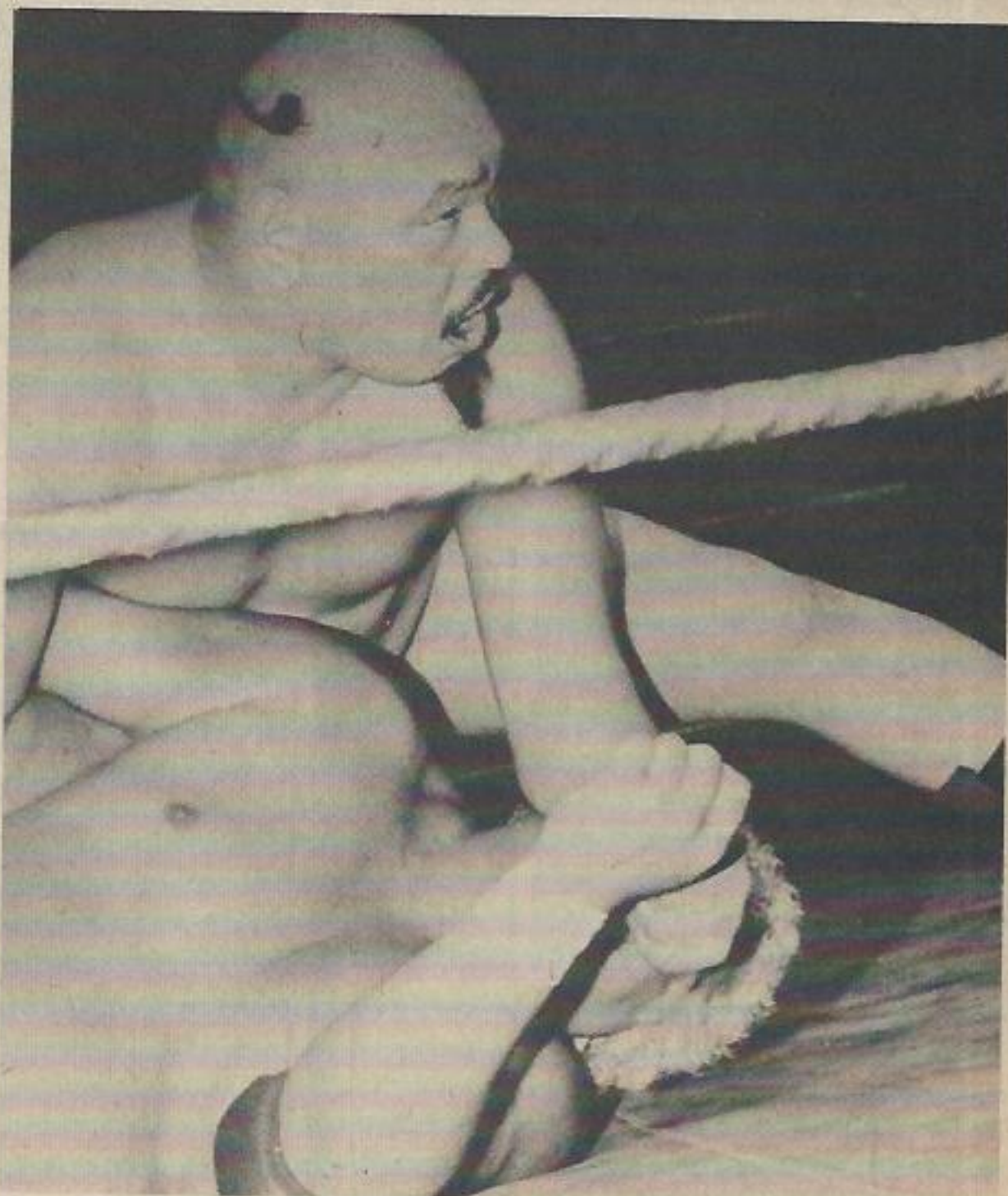
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RHODES-KHAN

(Continued from Page 33)



Combining his speed, strength, and vast knowledge of the martial arts with an unmatched killer instinct, Khan is virtually unbeatable. Dusty Rhodes certainly has his hands full.

teachings. I hope someday he sees the errors of his ways."

Someday, perhaps. But in the meantime it's men of integrity like Dusty Rhodes who swear bloody vengeance for what Khan has brutally done to Andre.

"There's nothing I would like more," said Dusty, "than to give Khan a taste of his own medicine. Maybe break both his legs. Then he would have an idea of what he did to Andre. I would love to be the one to do it to him, too."

A few months ago, Dusty's chance came. In the city of Rochester, New York, Killer Khan faced a severely angered

Dusty Rhodes. Prior to the match, Rhodes had some words about how he felt facing Khan.

"Andre is a close friend of mine," Dusty explained, "and if I can do my part in making Khan pay for his brutality, I think it'll make Andre feel a lot better. I know I will."

The fans in Rochester were clearly with Rhodes. As he entered the ring, deafening cheers of "Kill the Killer!" and "Avenge Andre!" were heard throughout the arena. A snarling Killer Khan merely glared menacingly at the crowd. Whether or not he understood their taunts, one thing is for

sure: he understood where the fans' loyalties were placed.

Throughout the early minutes of the match, Dusty demonstrated a swift ability for escaping Khan's potentially fatal holds. Not only was Rhodes evasive, but he was able to repeatedly turn the tables and gain advantage over Khan. It seemed to be only a matter of time before Rhodes was able to manipulate Khan into the proper position for applying an excruciating series of bionic elbowsmashes.

As Rhodes prepared to deliver the fatal barrage, Khan surprisingly regained the upper hand and placed Dusty into a barbarically painful Mongolian nervehold. Ignoring the demands of the referee, Khan increased the pressure to an almost intolerable level.

Realizing that Khan was not about to break his illegal hold on Rhodes, the referee immediately stopped the match and disqualified Khan.

"I was so close," reflected Dusty following the match. "I thought sure that Khan was a goner. Everytime someone gets him into a tough situation, though, he tries to get away with one of his illegal moves. Kung-fu? I say kung-fooey! If Khan didn't have that to hide behind, he'd be nothing."

Dusty was reflective after his meeting with Khan, almost philosophical.

"If Khan can't face me on decent terms," he said, "he shouldn't be in the ring at all. It's simply not right for him to cower behind his martial arts training."

"Sooner or later, Khan is going to slip," Rhodes predicted, "and when he does, he's going to pay the highest price any man can pay. I've said it before, and I say it again now: Killer Khan will pay for what he did to Andre the Giant. Killer Khan must be destroyed!" ☐

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Kevin Sullivan

(Continued from Page 43)



Sullivan reaches far back before punching Lawler's twisted arm. "It is obvious that Kevin is headed for superstardom," writes Millie Fairchild. And writes Cora Gensell, "Kevin is larger than life."

"It is obvious that Kevin Sullivan is headed for superstardom. He is very modest in his assessment. Kevin is a very powerful person with enormous talent and a very sexy body.

"While it seems that fans have

turned against him, he made a very wise decision. By his turn in personality, his new massive structure, and very sexy appearance, he is turning on the fans who have missed Superstar Graham. We have hoped and

prayed for someone to take the Superstar's place. It looks as if Sullivan will—Superstar Sullivan!

"We love you Kevin, and you will soon see an outpouring of fan support for him. We need a hero—someone to admire and adore. Kevin fills that bill superbly."

MILLIE FAIRCHILD
Harrisburg, PA



Lawler smacks Sullivan across the face with a chain. While many people are very upset over Kevin's new style, the blond musclemen seems to have acquired a cult following.

"I don't know where the hell Wrestling II's brains are, but his description of Kevin Sullivan reinforces Kevin's brilliance. Why should II have sour grapes? Kevin is larger than life. He has excited fans who bow to his largeness, who applaud his talent, and who worship his body.

"Kevin, we adore you."

CORA GENSELL
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